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DOCTOR WHO

CLASSICS SERIES 4



DOCTOR WHO

CLASSICS SERIES 4 ISSUE #3

"TIME BOMB"

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EARTHDATE 2750.

FOR MORE THAN A CENTURY THE ARROW OF RIGHTEOUSNESS HAS BORNE THE PILGRIM BROTHERHOOD OF SEEKERS ON THEIR HOLY JOURNEY.



ON BOARD THIS ARK THE PILGRIMS LINE THE CATHEDRAL OF THE FIRMAMENT IN FROZEN MEDITATION...

THERE IS A TRAJECTORY OF FAITH, AN INTER-STELLAR COURSE PLOTTED BY THE MYSTIC DIVINATION AND NUMEROLOGY OF THEIR ORDER.

TIME BOMB

EPISODE ONE

THEIR THOUGHTS ARE ONE. THEIR AIM IS TRUE. THEIR DESTINATION — HEAVEN.



SCRIPT: JAMIE DELAND.
ART: JOHN RIDGWAY.
LETTERS: ANNIE HALFACREE.
EDITOR: SHEILA CRANNA.



AND STILL ANOTHER HUNDRED YEARS OF STAR-LANCED, BLACK OBLIVION MUST PASS BEFORE IT BRINGS THEM TO THEIR SACRED GOAL.

COLD NOW, THEY TRAVEL ON — SECURE IN THE KNOWLEDGE OF ARRIVAL IN THE WARM ARMS OF THE CREATOR.



C'MON, DOC, PLUG IT IN. THIS IS A BIT SPOOKY.

THE DOCTOR AND FROBISHER ARE ATTEMPTING TO REPAIR A MINOR FAULT IN THE TARDIS — ONLY TO BE FACED WITH A TOTAL SYSTEMS BREAKDOWN.

SOME PEOPLE MIGHT FIND IT **RELAXING** TO BE CAST ADRIPT ON THE TIDES OF TIME...

SHUT UP, FROBISHER!

FLAP-SHUFFLE-FLAP FLAP!

I FIND IT **TEDIOUS** AND **DULL**. WHY COULDN'T I HAVE GONE TO THE MATCH WITH PERI?

I NEED YOU HERE — AND I WISH YOU'D STOP THAT **FLAPPING**. THIS IS TRICKY. ONE MISTAKE AND WE COULD BE STUCK IN THIS **INTERZONE** FOR SOME...ER...TIME.

SHUFFLE FLAP SHUFFLE FLAP!

THE ONLY TIME I'M INTERESTED IN IS A **GOOD TIME**! I WANT TO KNOW IF THE **DODGERS** BEAT THE **REDSKINS**.

AH... I THINK THAT'S...

FLAP SHUFFLE FLAP

...GOT IT.

FROBISHER...? WHAT IN ALL THE GALAXIES ARE YOU DOING?

GLOOP!

SHUFFLETY HOP FLAP

ER... **LIMBO DANCING**. GEDDIT, DOC?

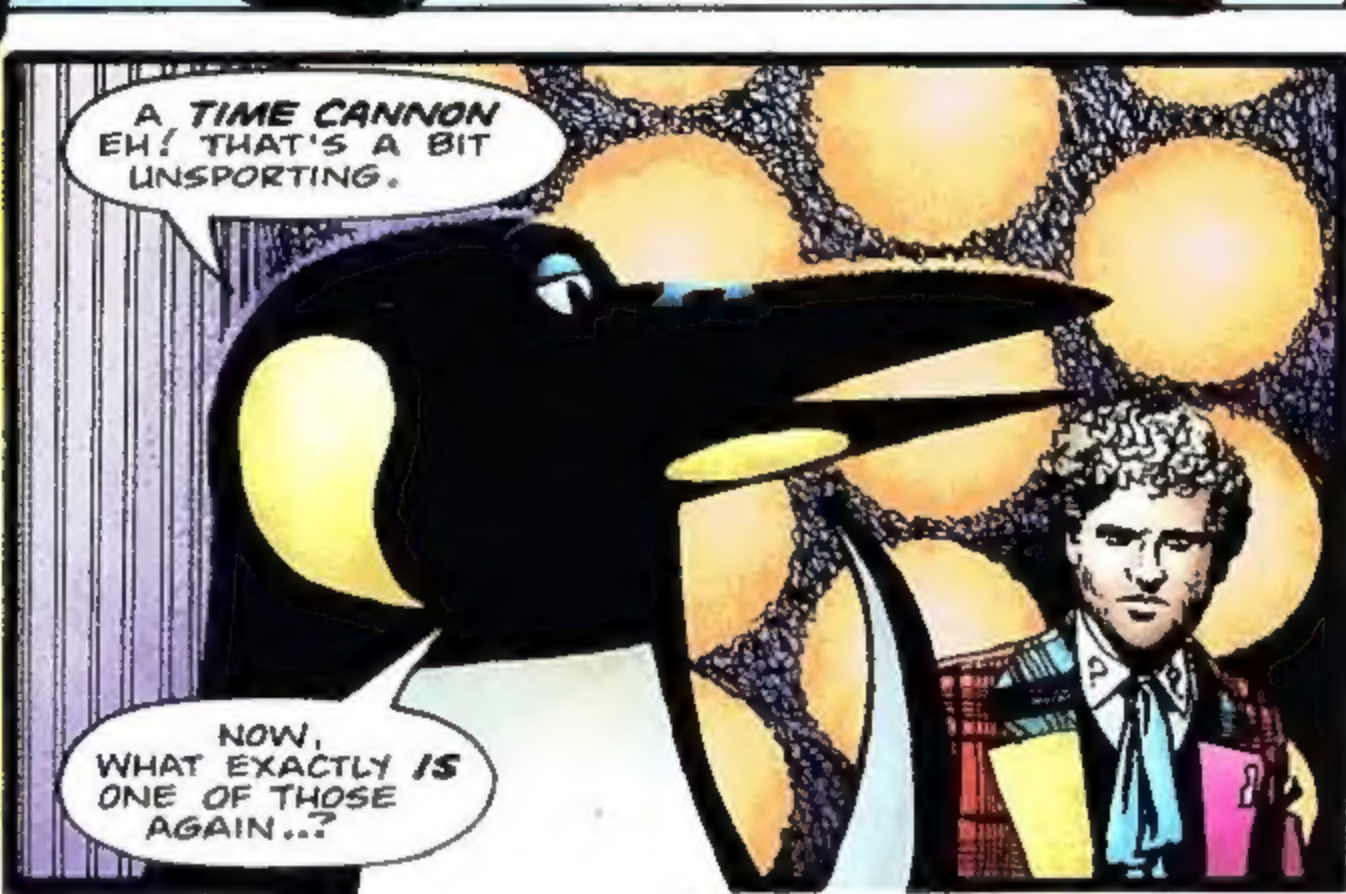
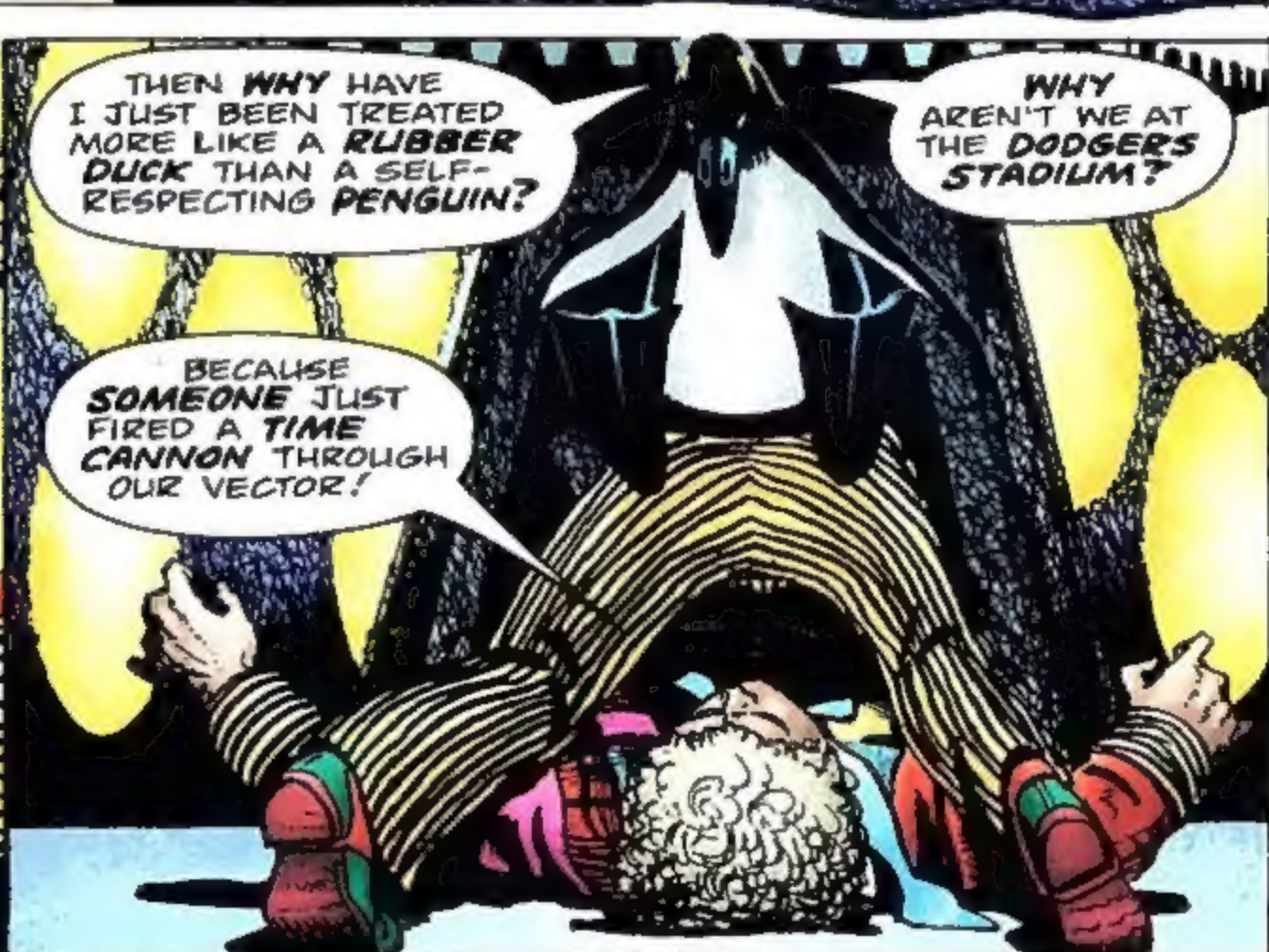
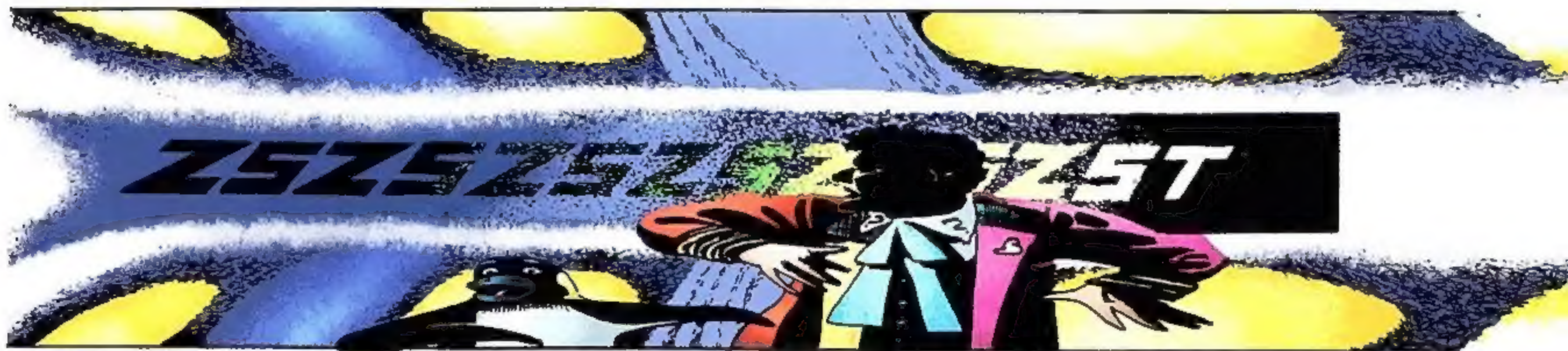
IS IT FIXED?

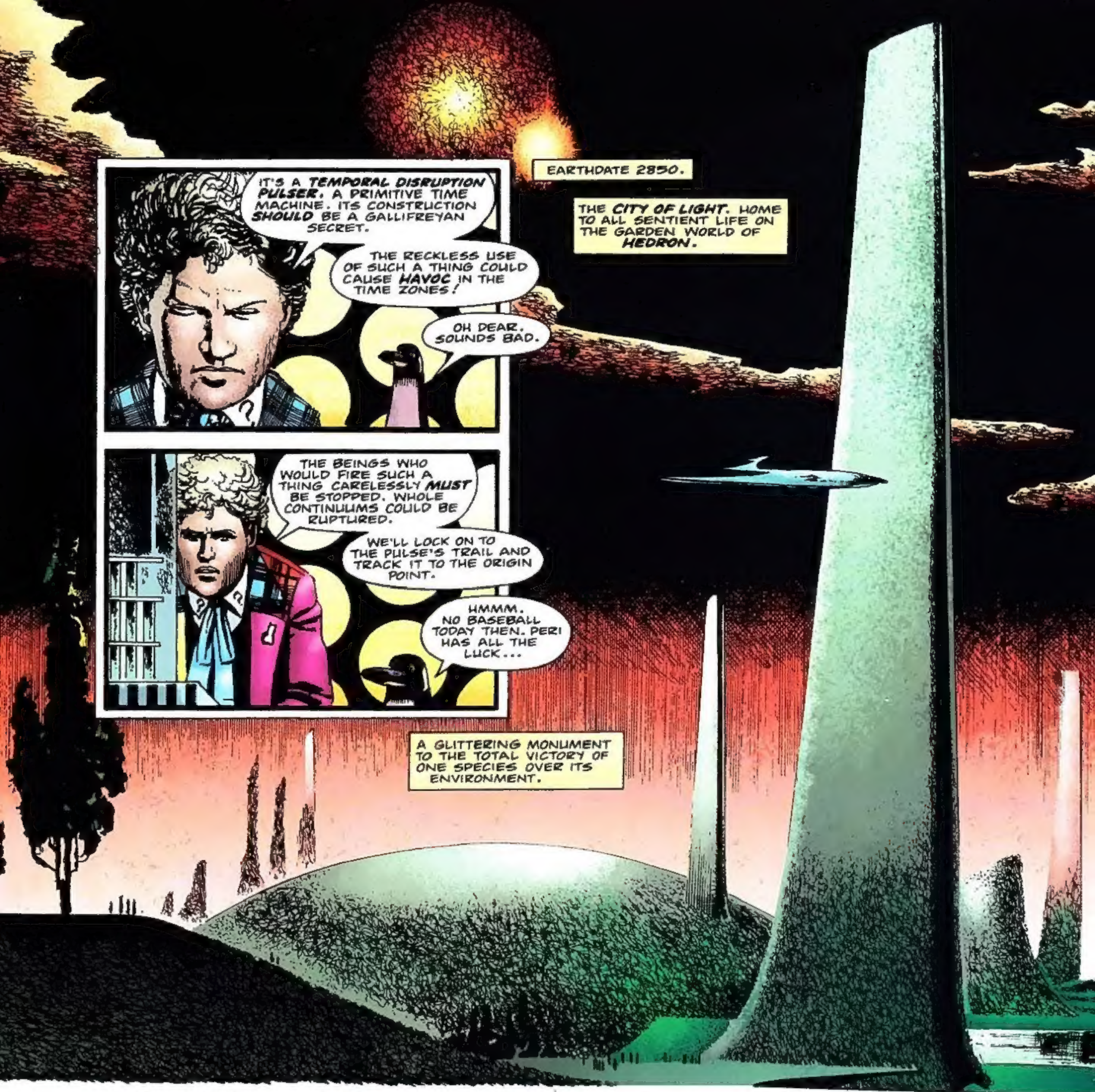
IT'S NEVER BEEN BETTER. NEXT STOP NEW YORK CITY.

SHUFFLE FLAP FLAP

WRRREEEEK!

BASEBALL BASEBALL RAH RAH RAAARK!





EARTHDATE 2850.

THE CITY OF LIGHT. HOME TO ALL SENTIENT LIFE ON THE GARDEN WORLD OF HEDRON.

IT'S A TEMPORAL DISRUPTION PULSER, A PRIMITIVE TIME MACHINE. ITS CONSTRUCTION SHOULD BE A GALLIFREYAN SECRET.

THE RECKLESS USE OF SUCH A THING COULD CAUSE HAVOC IN THE TIME ZONES!

OH DEAR. SOUNDS BAD.

THE BEINGS WHO WOULD FIRE SUCH A THING CARELESSLY MUST BE STOPPED. WHOLE CONTINUUMS COULD BE RUPTURED.

WE'LL LOCK ON TO THE PULSE'S TRAIL AND TRACK IT TO THE ORIGIN POINT.

HMMM. NO BASEBALL TODAY THEN. PERI HAS ALL THE LUCK...

A GLITTERING MONUMENT TO THE TOTAL VICTORY OF ONE SPECIES OVER ITS ENVIRONMENT.

JOHN RIDGWAY

TODAY, IN THE INSTITUTE OF GENETIX, THERE IS JUBILATION AMONGST THE HEDRON SCIENTISTS.

IT WORKED. THE TEST-SHOT WAS PERFECT.

COMPLETE DEMATERIALISATION OF THE CUBE.





I SUPPOSE THIS MUST BE THE TIME? CANNON...?

YES...



...AND THIS MUST BE ITS TARGET. I WONDER...

AND, ER... WHAT'S THIS THEN, DOCTOR?



DISPOSAL DISCHARGE IN THIRTY SECONDS. ALL NON-ROBOTS SHOULD BE SHIELDED. SUBMIT TO ANALYSIS.

IT'S A ROBOT!

THAT'S WHAT I THOUGHT.



BUT YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING. YOU CAN'T JUST FIRE DANGEROUS WASTE INTO THE PAST AT RANDOM...

FIVE SECONDS.

I THINK IT THINKS IT CAN, DOCTOR.



NO, WAIT. RELEASE US. I HAVE TO CONTACT YOUR CONTROLLERS. YOU CAN'T USE THAT TIME MACHINE AGAIN.

I DO NOT SCAN 'TIME MACHINE'. BUT YOU ARE NOT HEDRON. YOU ARE GENETICALLY IMPURE MATERIAL AND MUST BE CONSIGNED FOR DEMATERIALIZATION.

TEN SECONDS.



ACTIVATE!

IT'S CRIMINALLY INSANE!

VREKKK

EARTHDATE 200 MILLION YEARS B.C.

ACH! I HATE ROBOTS. THEY'RE SUCH SIMPLE-MINDED CREATIONS. THEY NEVER LISTEN!

ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, FROBISHER?

FROBISHER...?

DOCTOR, I FEEL SICK. SOMETHING TERRIBLE HAS HAPPENED...

WHAT?

I'VE LAID A BLASTED EGG. THAT'S WHAT! AND IT'S ALL YOUR FAULT!

DON'T DO THAT, YOU STUPID PENGUIN. THAT'S NOT AN EGG. IT'S THE WASTE THAT THEY WERE TRYING TO GET RID OF.

WE'VE BEEN BLASTED BACK WITH IT.

WHEW...

JUST AS WELL THE TARDIS WAS INCLUDED IN THE IMPULSE BEAM, OR WE'D REALLY BE IN TROUBLE.

LOOK, DOCTOR, ISN'T THAT THE CLUBE THAT WENT THROUGH US?

YES, THIS MUST BE THE TARGET POINT. PURELY RANDOM, I SUSPECT.

I WONDER WHERE WE ARE... AND WHAT EXACTLY THIS STUFF IS...?

PERSONALLY, I COULDN'T CARE LESS.



"I'M AFRAID SO, BUT I THINK WE'LL PICK UP PERI FIRST. SHE MIGHT BE USEFUL."

"GREAT! PERHAPS WE'LL HAVE TIME TO FIT IN THE GAME, EH?"



EARTHDATE 2850.

AS ITS INSTRUMENTS RECORD A SECOND CENTURY OF TRUE FLIGHT, IT IS TIME FOR THE **ARROW OF RIGHTEOUSNESS** TO CALL ITS PILGRIM CARGO FROM HIBERNATION.

THEIR TARGET — THE SECOND PLANET OF THE TWIN-SUN SYSTEM — LIES DEAD AHEAD...



... THEY ARE WITHIN SIGHT OF HEAVEN.

TIME BOMB

EPISODE TWO

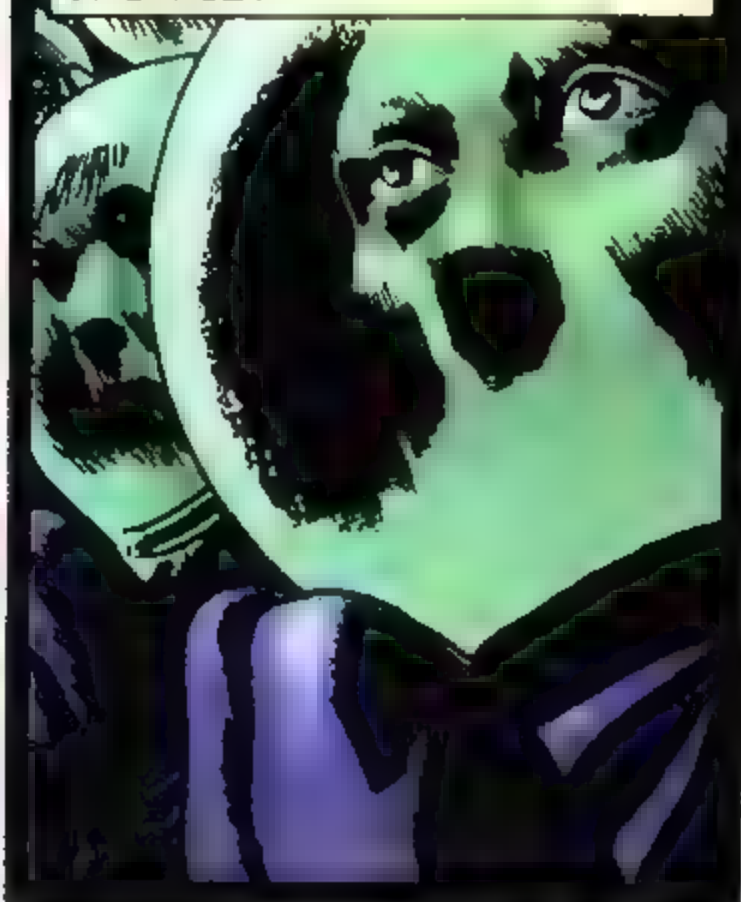
WRITER: JAMIE DELAND.
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EDITOR: SHEILA CRANNA.

IN THE CATHEDRAL OF THE FIRMAMENT, NEW HEARTBEATS QUICKEN BLOOD SLOWED BY COLD CENTURIES.



PILGRIMS AWAKE.
EMBRACE YOUR DESTINY.

BUT, ALTHOUGH BODIES THAW AND WARM TO LIFE, THEIR MINDS HAVE BEEN DAZZLED BY THE GLORY OF GALAXIES — SUCKED CLEAN BY THE FROZEN INFINITY OF SPACE.



RE-ANIMATION MALFUNCTION
MANUAL CONTROL NOT
ENGAGED
COURSE STEADY

UNCHECKED, THE SPACESHIP CONTINUES ON ITS PRE-DETERMINED COURSE...

EARTHDATE 1986.

THE DOCTOR AND FROBISHER ARE TRYING TO MEET WITH PERI — TO ENLIST HER AID IN DISSUADING THE HEDRONS FROM TRANSPORTING DANGEROUS GENETIC WASTE BACK THROUGH TIME TO PRIMEVAL EARTH.

I DON'T CARE WHAT THE INSTRUMENTS SAY. THIS IS NOT NEW YORK CITY!

NOT AS WE HAVE KNOWN IT, I AGREE. BUT THIS IS 1986 — AND WE ARE WHERE NEW YORK SHOULD BE...

OBVIOUSLY MY FEARS HAVE BEEN REALISED.

EVEN THOUGH WE RECOVERED THE GENETIC SOUP INTACT, SOME CONTAMINATION HAS WARPED THE EVOLUTION OF LIFE ON EARTH...

"...UNRECOGNISABLY!"

"THAT'S THE TRUTH!"

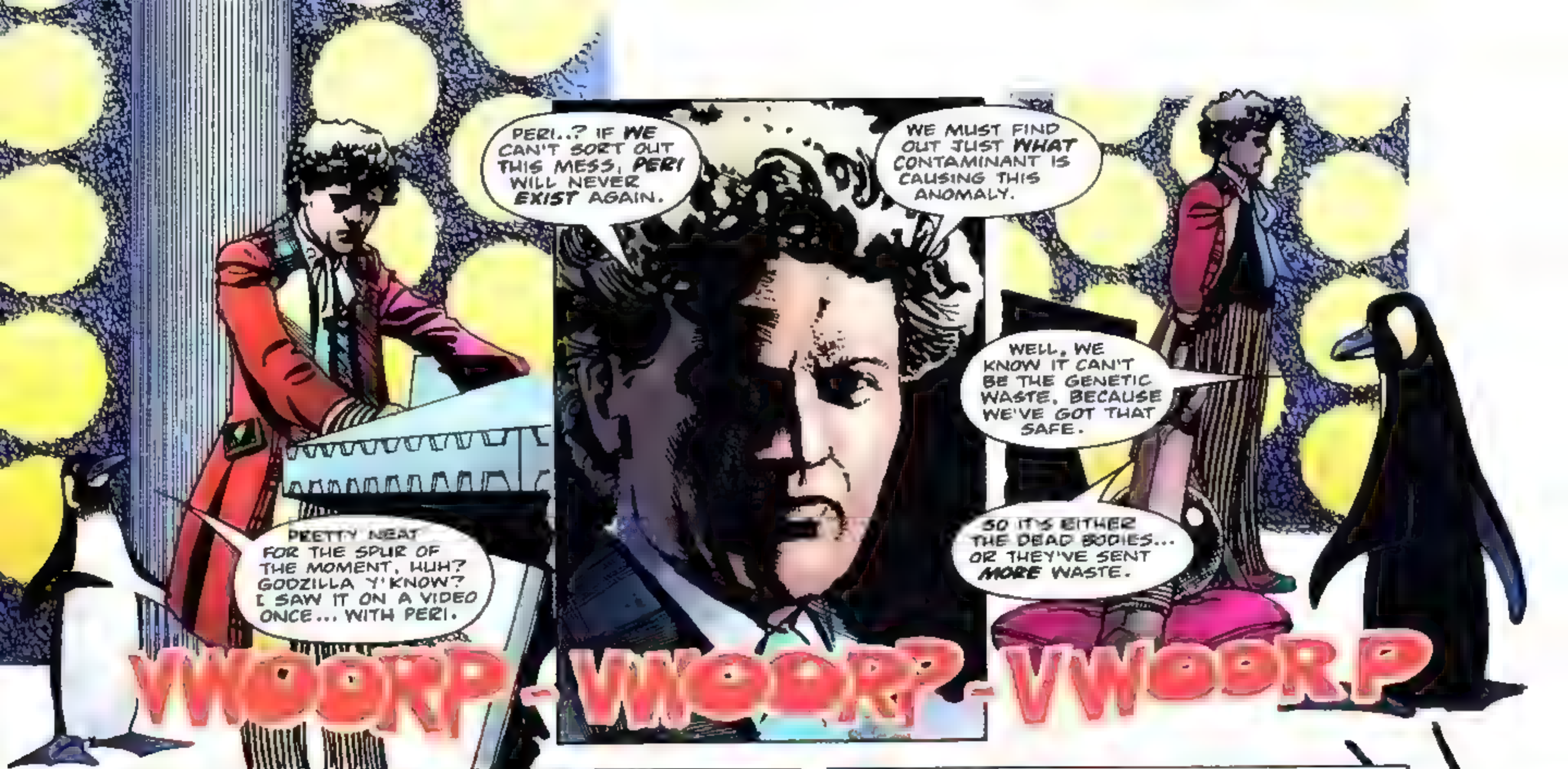
IT'S NO LAUGHING MATTER. THOSE MEDDLING HEDRON FOOLS HAVE ALTERED THE ENTIRE HISTORY OF THE UNIVERSE WITH THEIR TIME CANNON. THINGS MAY NEVER BE THE SAME AGAIN.

THIS IS FASCINATING — BUT A DISASTER. AN ENTIRELY REPTILIAN CULTURE ...IT LOOKS AS IF MANKIND HAS NEVER EVEN EVOLVED ON THIS EARTH.

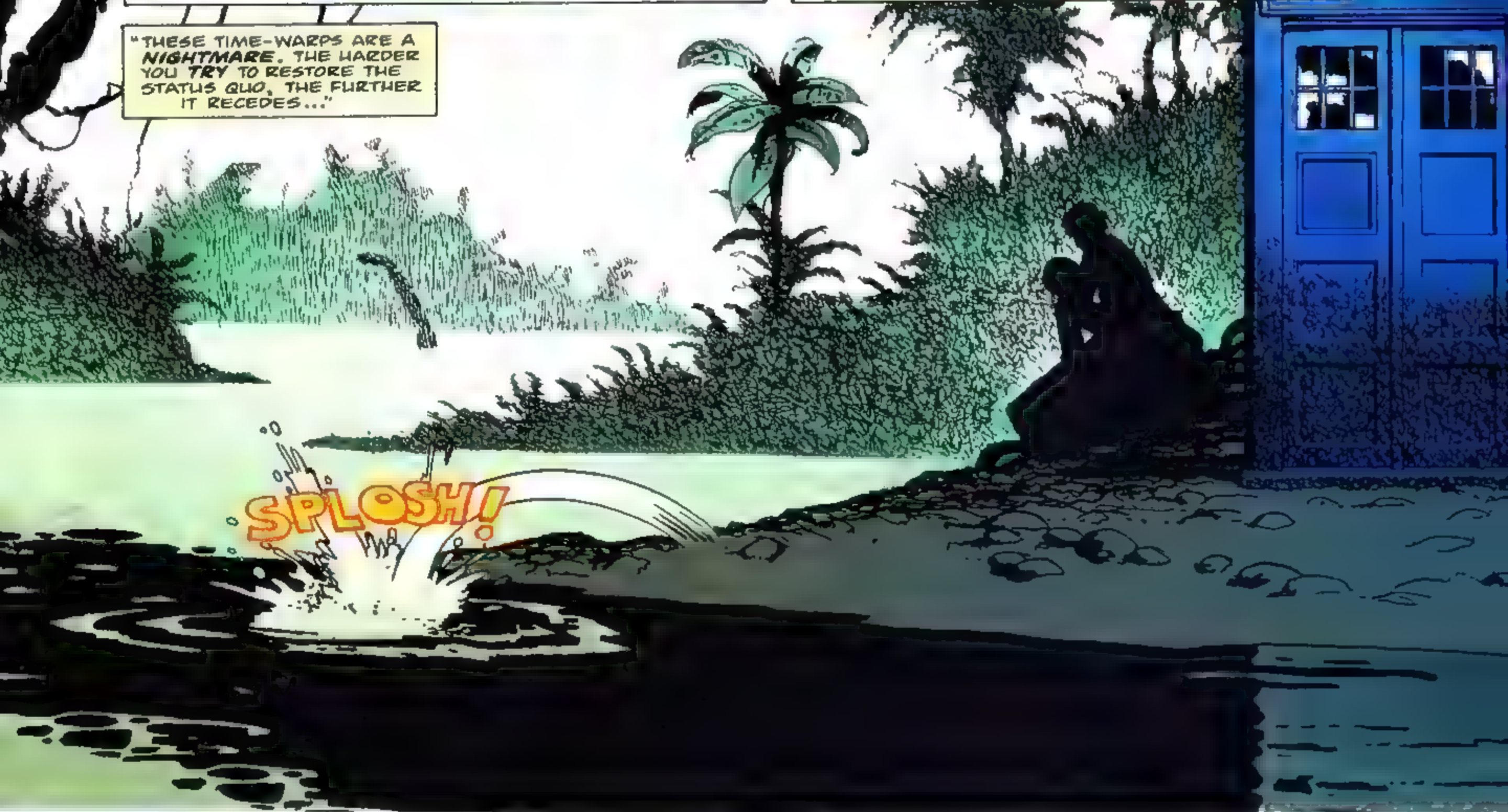
AND I DON'T SUPPOSE THESE LIZARDS PLAY BASEBALL DO THEY?

OH BOY.





"THESE TIME-WARPS ARE A NIGHTMARE. THE HARDER YOU TRY TO RESTORE THE STATUS QUO, THE FURTHER IT RECEDES..."





"MORE DEAD BODIES. THEY MUST BE THE BUILDERS OF THE TIME CANNON. THE HEDRONS."

"BUT WHY ARE THEY TRYING TO DISPOSE OF THEIR DEAD SO THOROUGHLY...?"

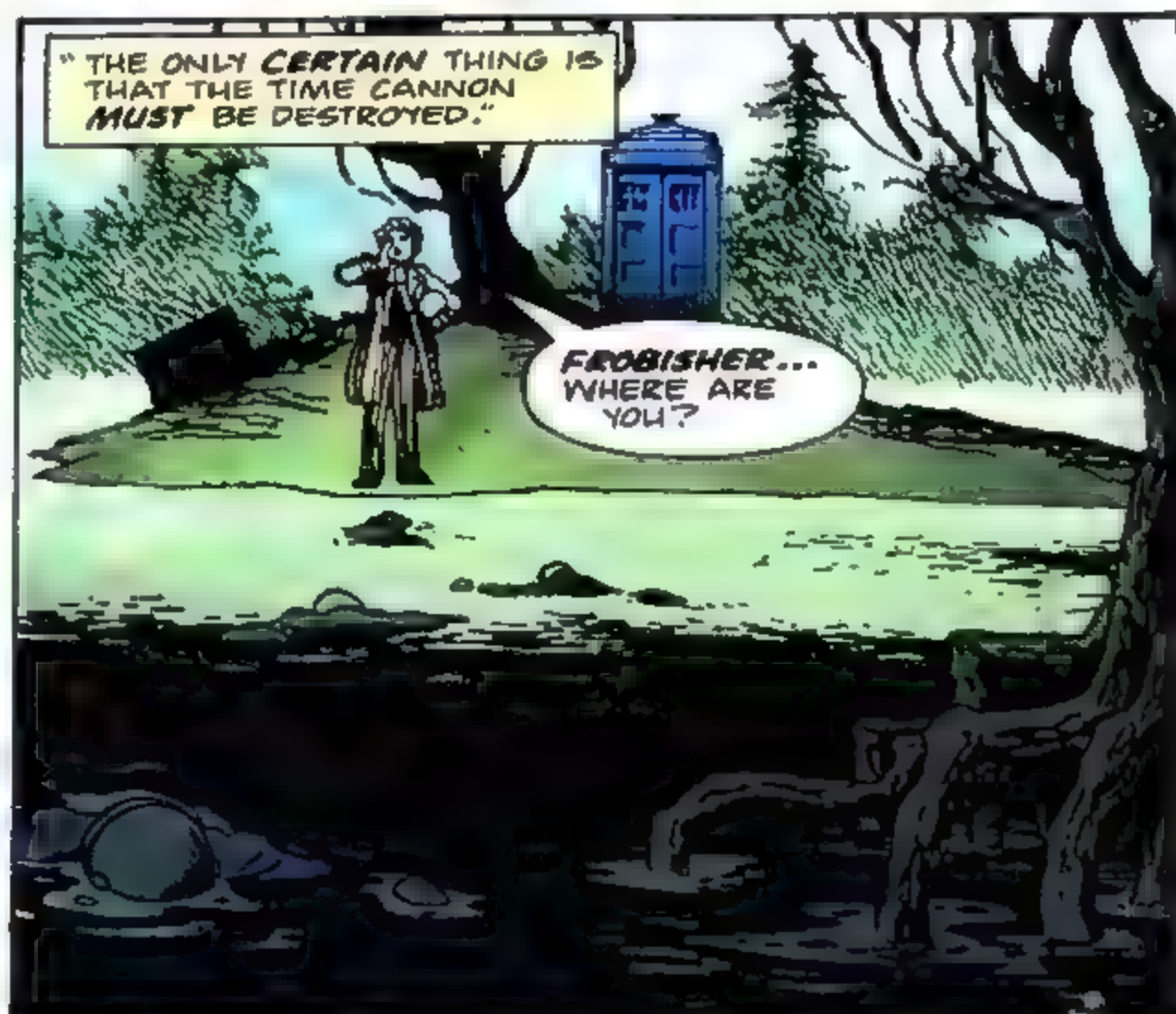


"...UNLESS THE BODIES ARE CONTAMINATED AS WELL."

"BUT I CAN'T GATHER UP DOZENS OF CORPSES. I'M A DOCTOR, NOT AN UNDERTAKER."

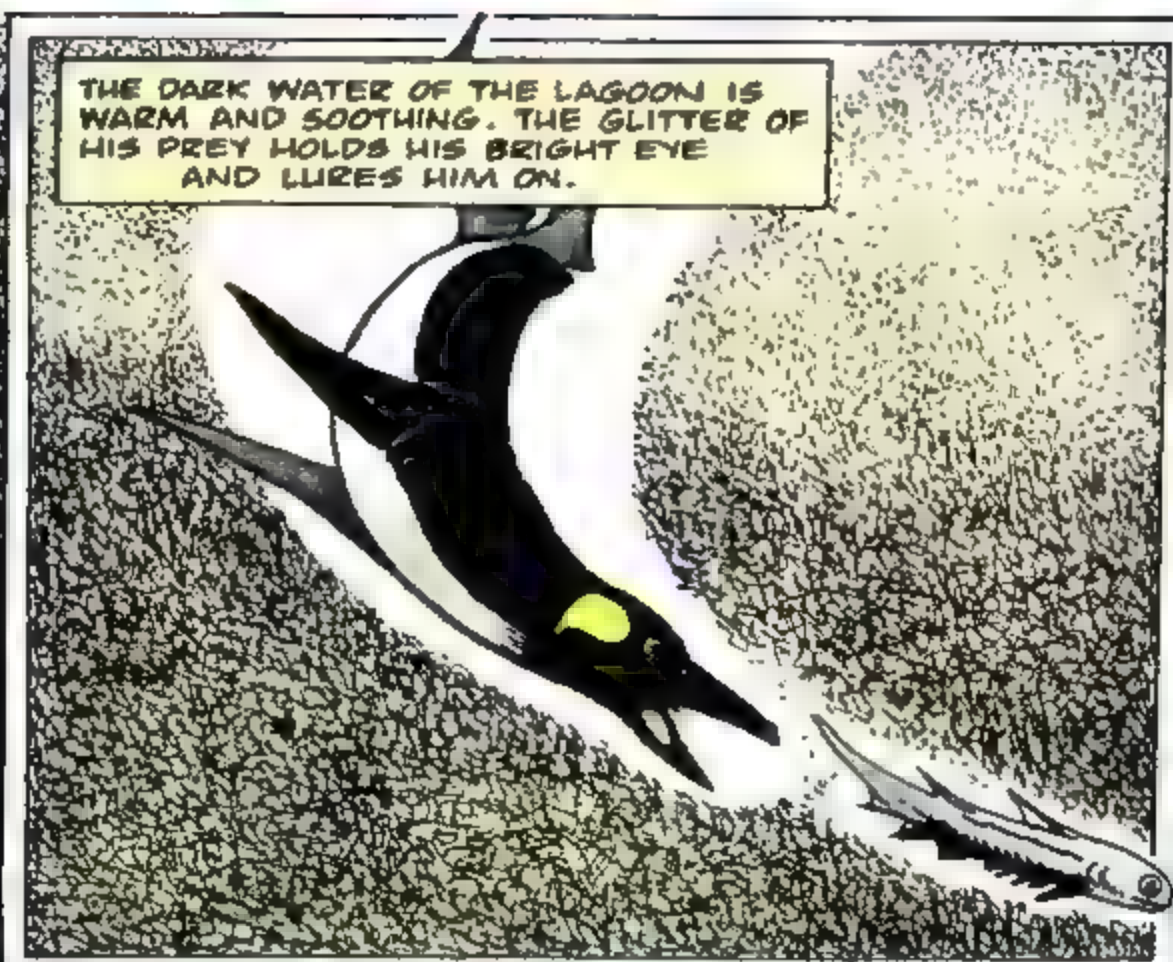


"ANYWAY, FROBISHER COULD BE RIGHT. SOME OF THIS DEBRIS COULD BE NECESSARY FOR THE FUTURE OF LIFE ON THIS PLANET TO BE AS WE'VE KNOWN IT."



"THE ONLY CERTAIN THING IS THAT THE TIME CANNON MUST BE DESTROYED."

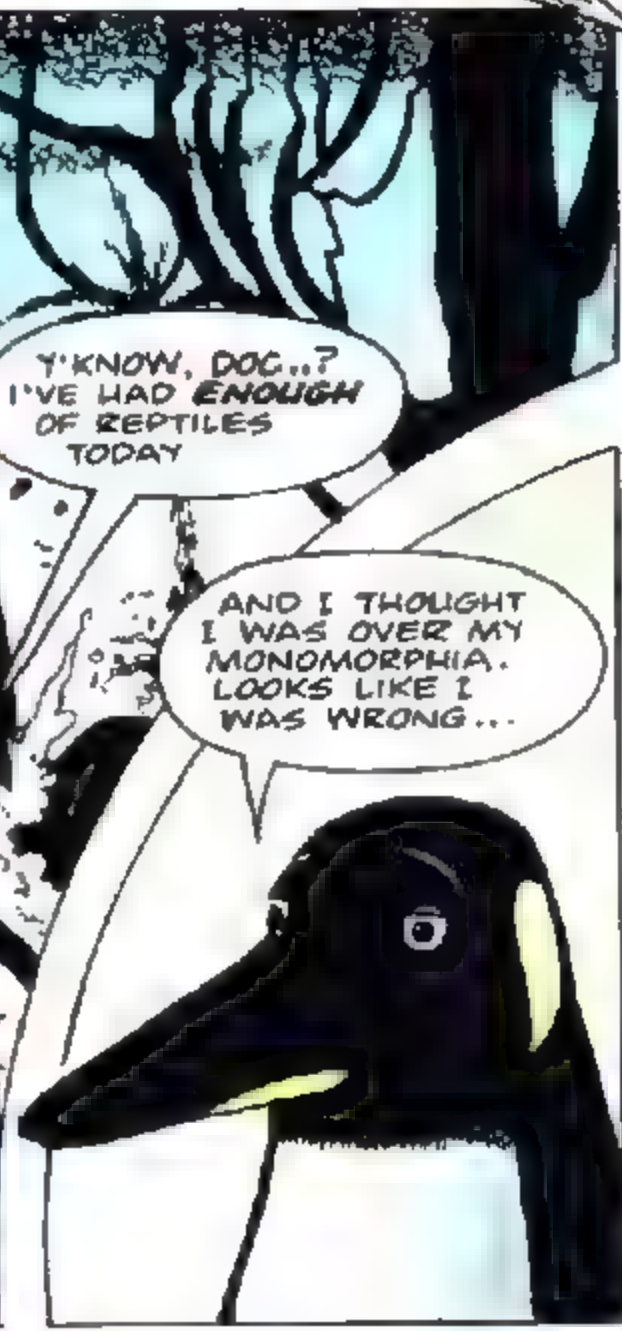
FROBISHER...
WHERE ARE YOU?

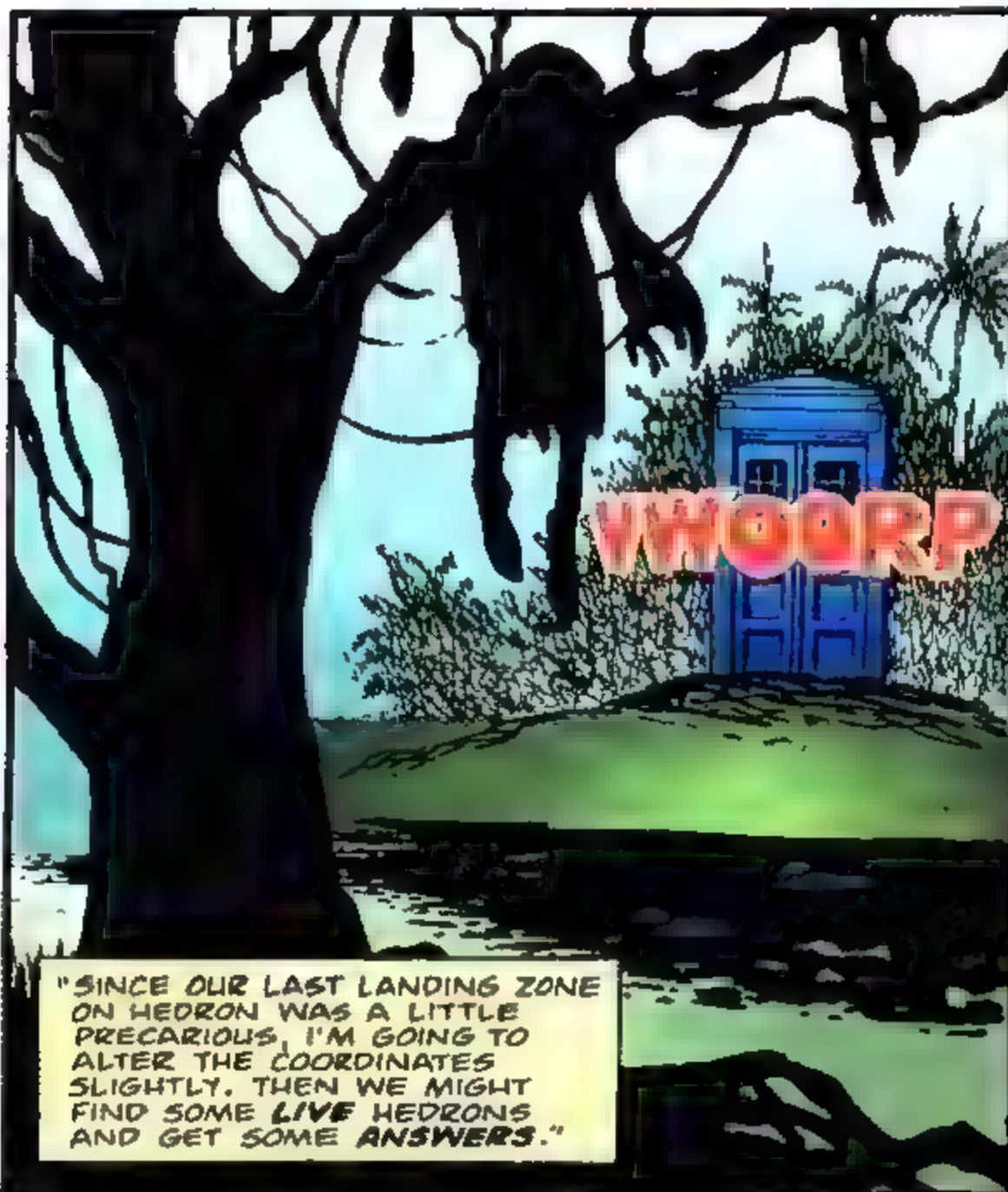
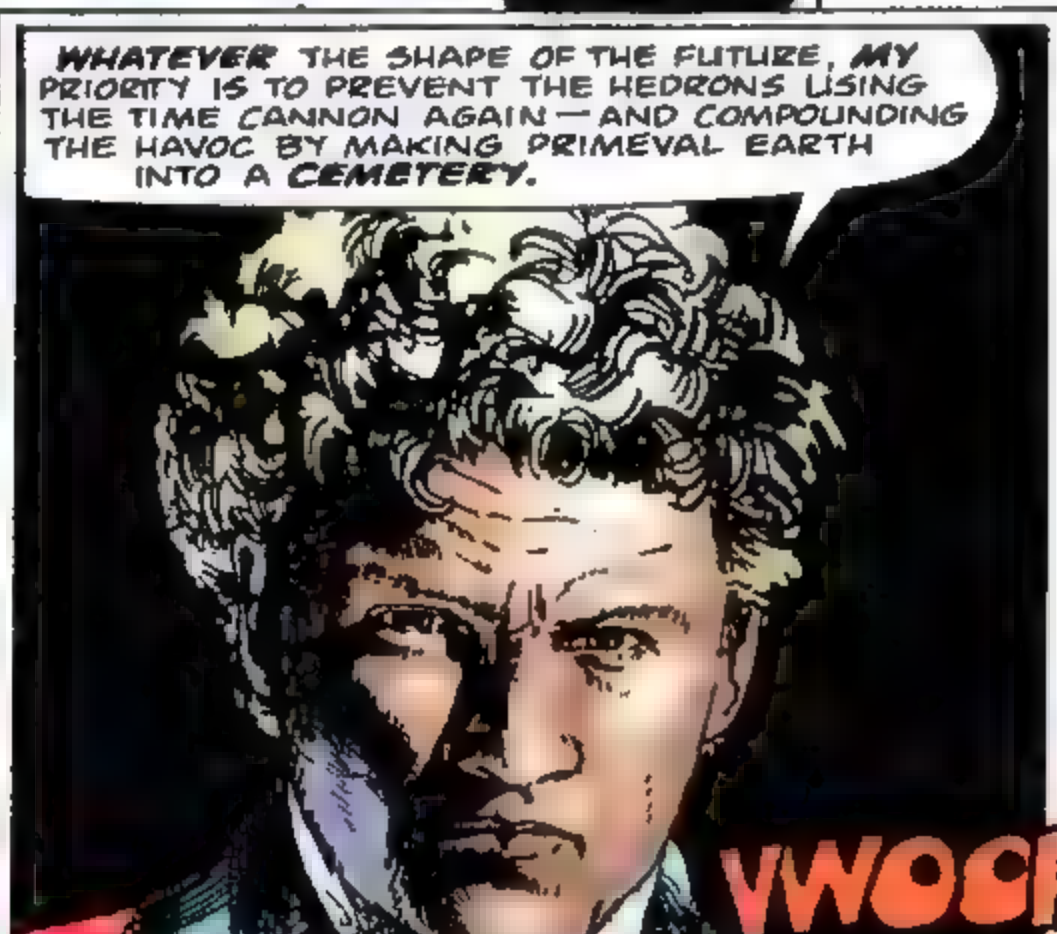
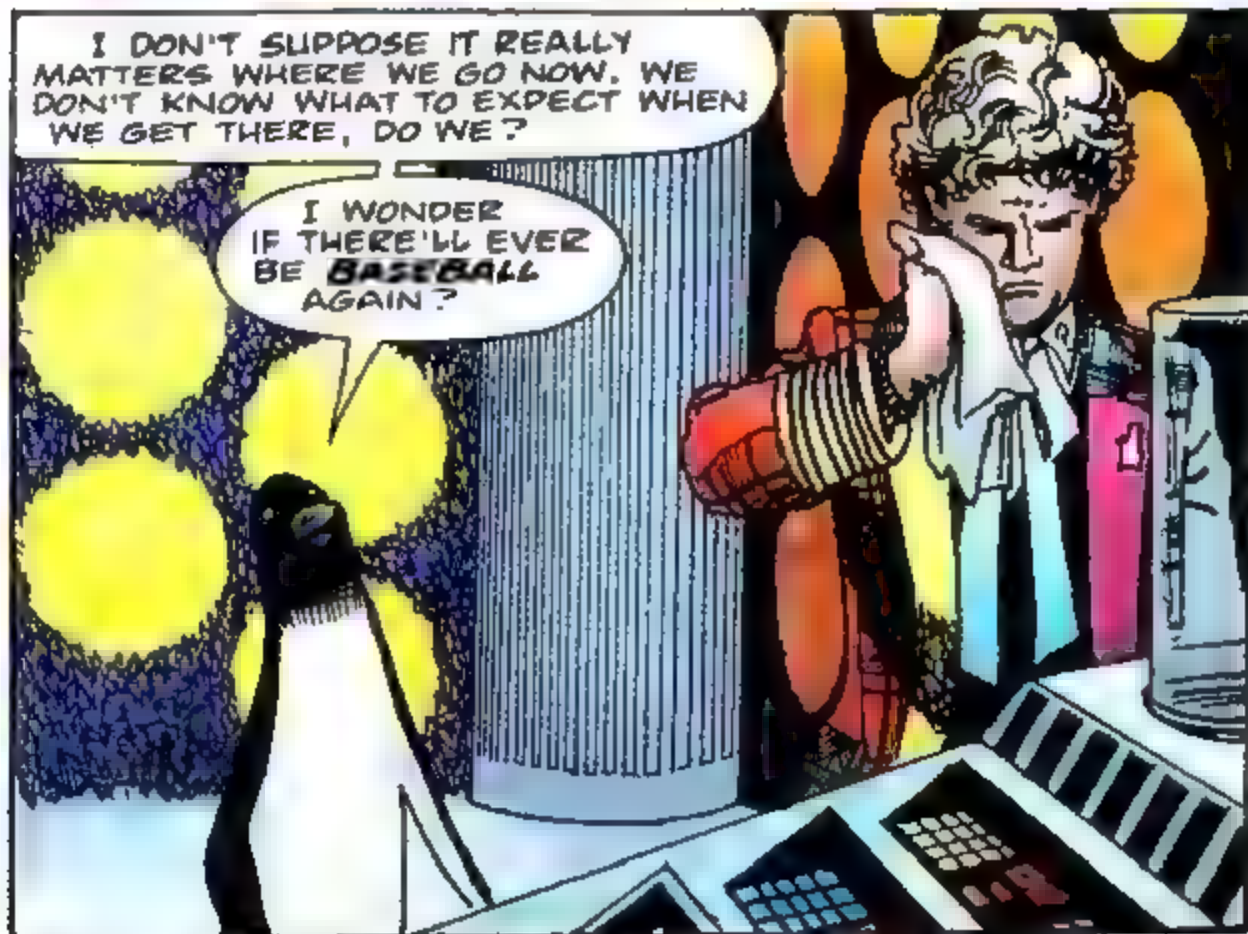


THE DARK WATER OF THE LAGOON IS WARM AND SOOTHING. THE GLITTER OF HIS PREY HOLDS HIS BRIGHT EYE AND LURES HIM ON.

FOR PREY, THE PROBLEM WITH PREDATORS IS THAT THEY ARE RARELY SEEN UNTIL IT IS TOO LATE...

...THE FIRST LOOK IS USUALLY THE LAST.





AS THE TARDIS FADES INTO THE FAR-DISTANT FUTURE OF ANOTHER WORLD, THE GRISLY TREE DROPS ALIEN SEEDS INTO THE EARTH'S SOFT BODY.

AND FROM SMALL ACORNS, MIGHTY OAK TREES GROW.

"SINCE OUR LAST LANDING ZONE ON HEDRON WAS A LITTLE PRECARIOUS, I'M GOING TO ALTER THE COORDINATES SLIGHTLY. THEN WE MIGHT FIND SOME LIVE HEDRONS AND GET SOME ANSWERS."

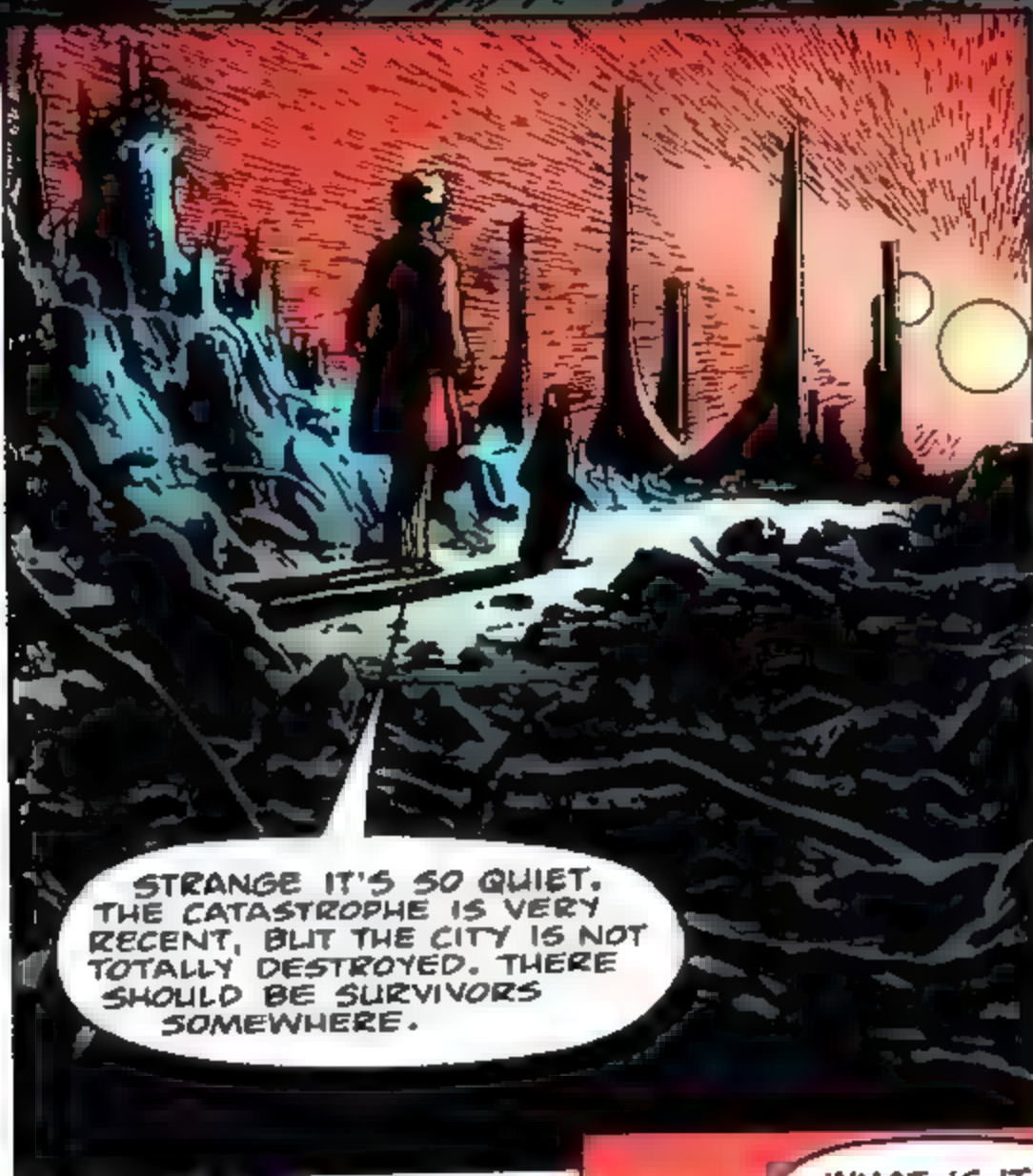


EARTHDATE 2850.

THE CITY OF LIGHT ON
THE PLANET HEDRON.
A SILENT WORLD.

NOT EXACTLY A
BUSTLING METROPOLIS
IS IT? LOOKS LIKE THEY'VE
HAD A BIT OF A
DISASTER.

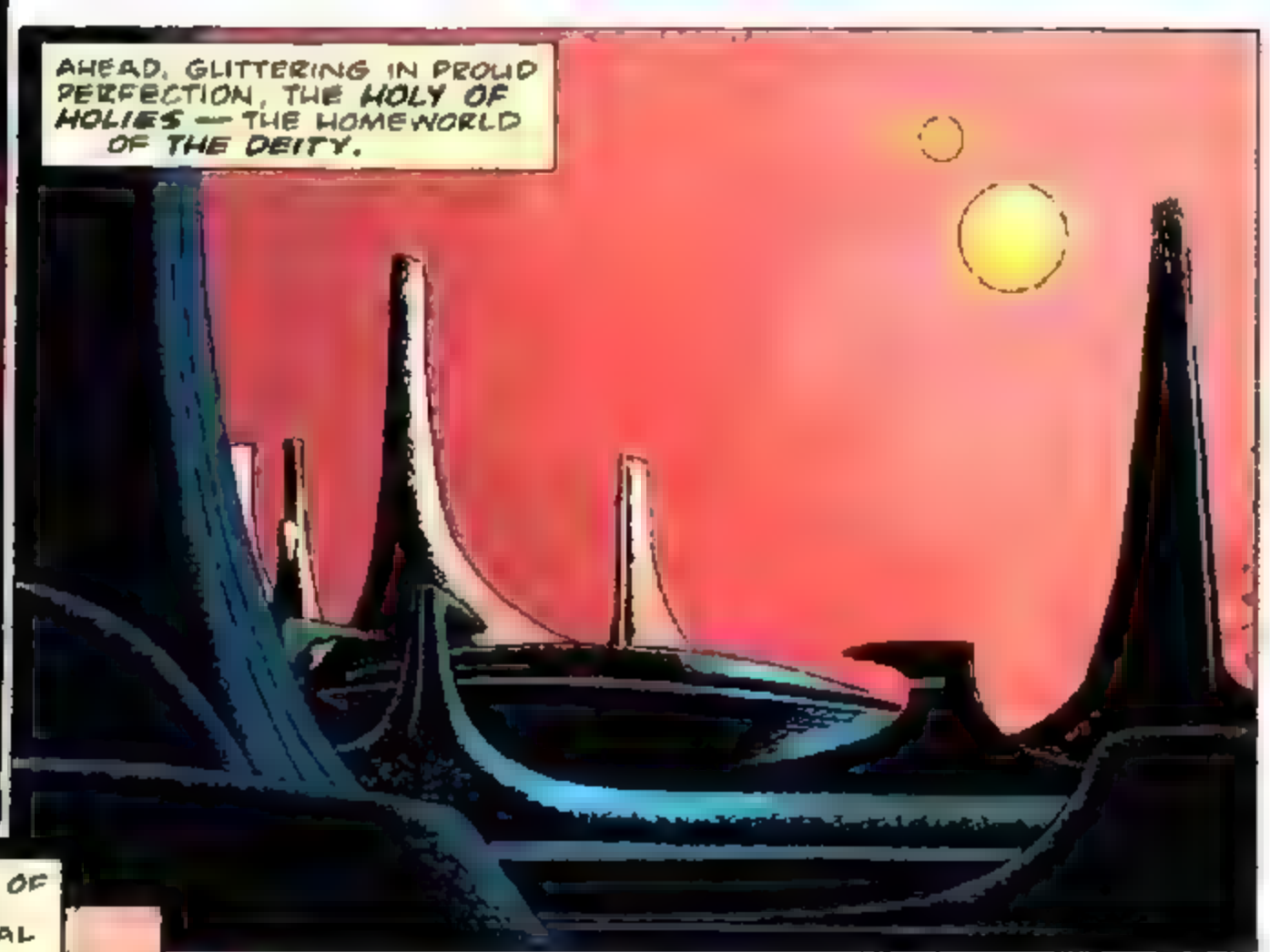
THE SHOCK-
VECTORS SUGGEST
A METEOR
STRIKE.





EARTHDATE 2850.

CONSUMMATELY FAITHFUL TO ITS PREORDAINED PATH, THE ARROW OF RIGHTEOUSNESS SHRIEKS THROUGH THE BORDERLANDS OF HEAVEN.

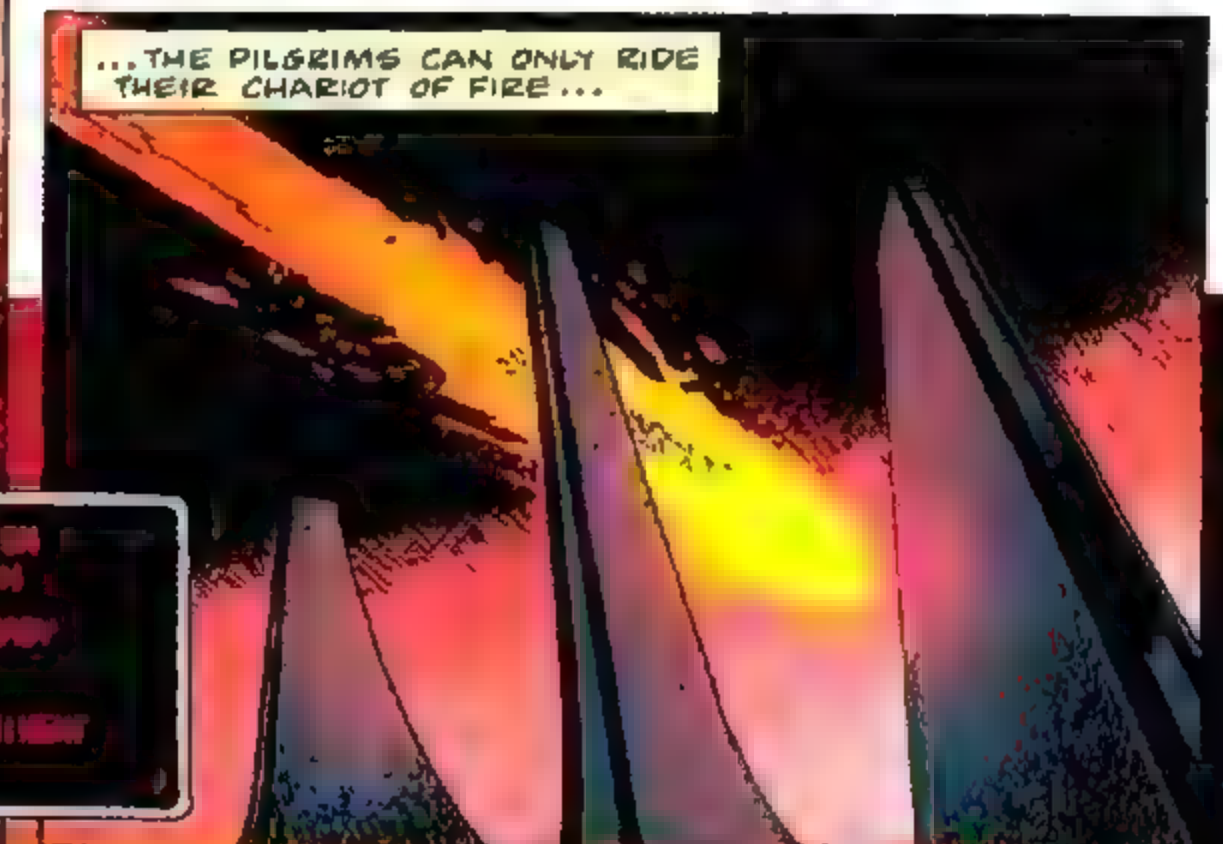


AHEAD, GLITTERING IN PROUD PERFECTION, THE HOLY OF HOLIES — THE HOMEWORLD OF THE DEITY.



THE SACRED GOAL OF THE BROTHERHOOD OF SEEKERS IS REACHED. BUT, WITH THEIR MINDS OVERWHELMED BY THE PERPETUAL JEWELLED MIDNIGHT OF SPACE...

LOCKED IN AN ECSTASY OF DEVOTION...



...THE PILGRIMS CAN ONLY RIDE THEIR CHARIOT OF FIRE...

RE-ORIENTATION
MALFUNCTION
CRASH STUDY
IMPACT IMMINENT

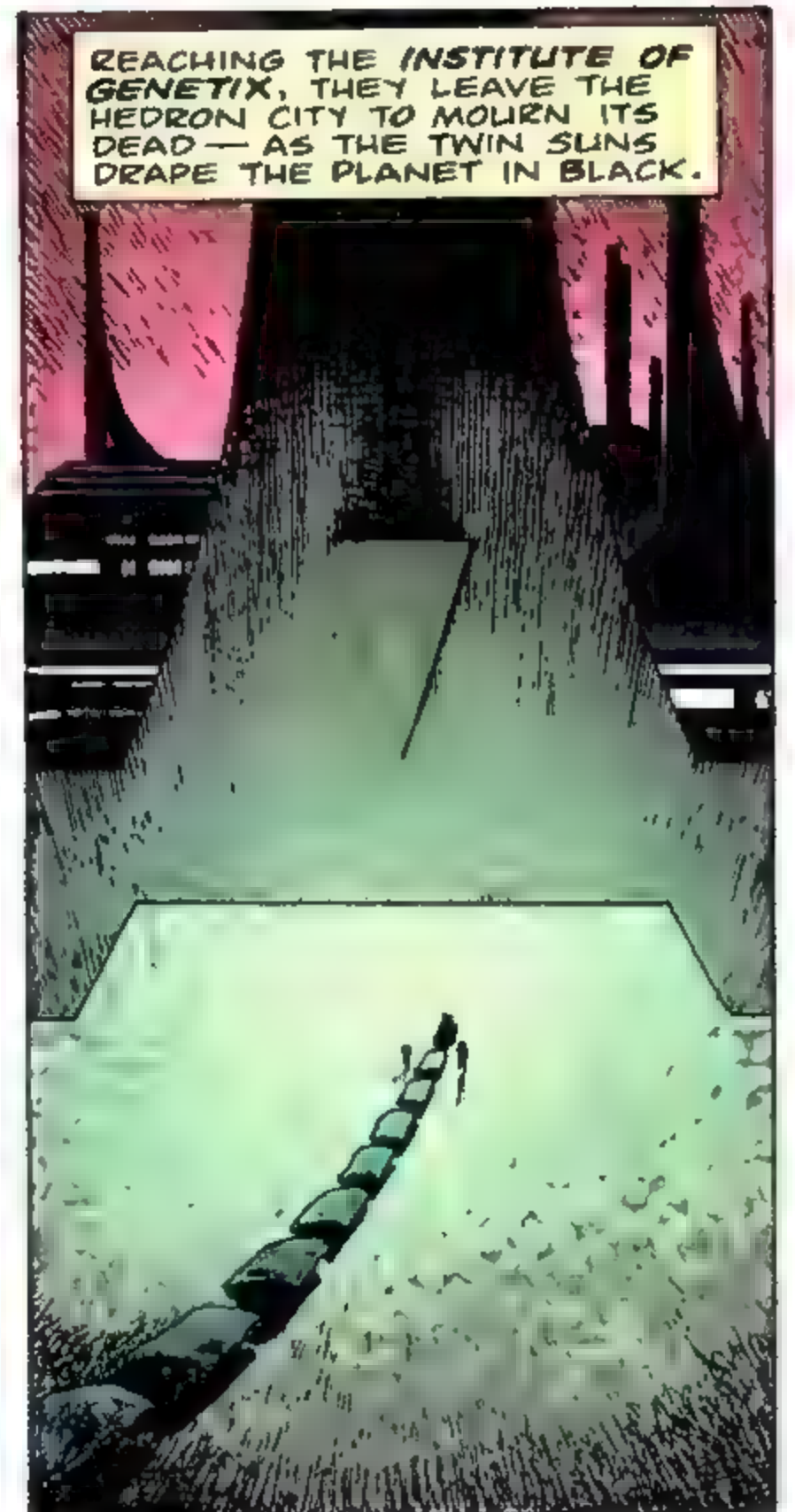
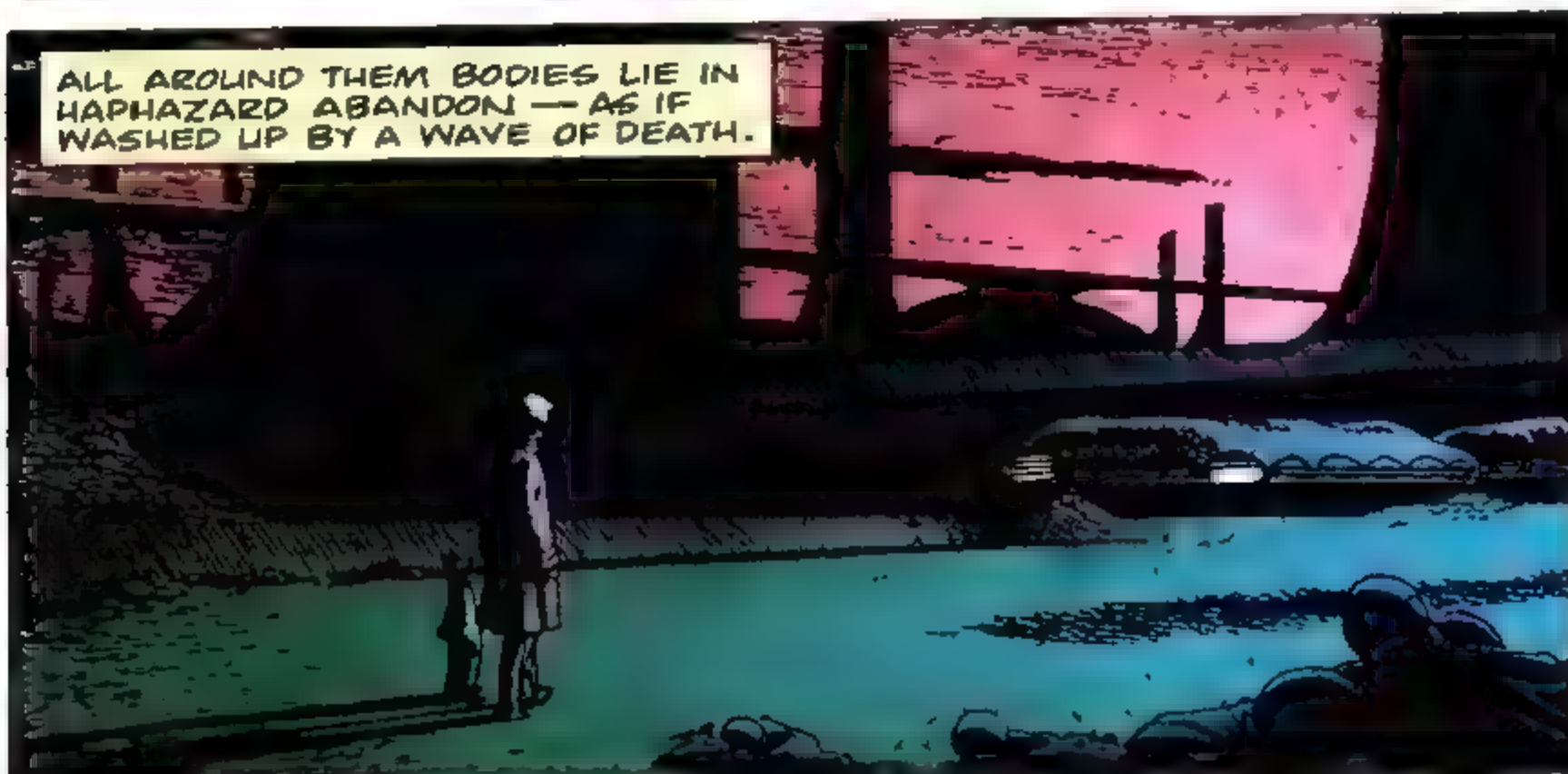
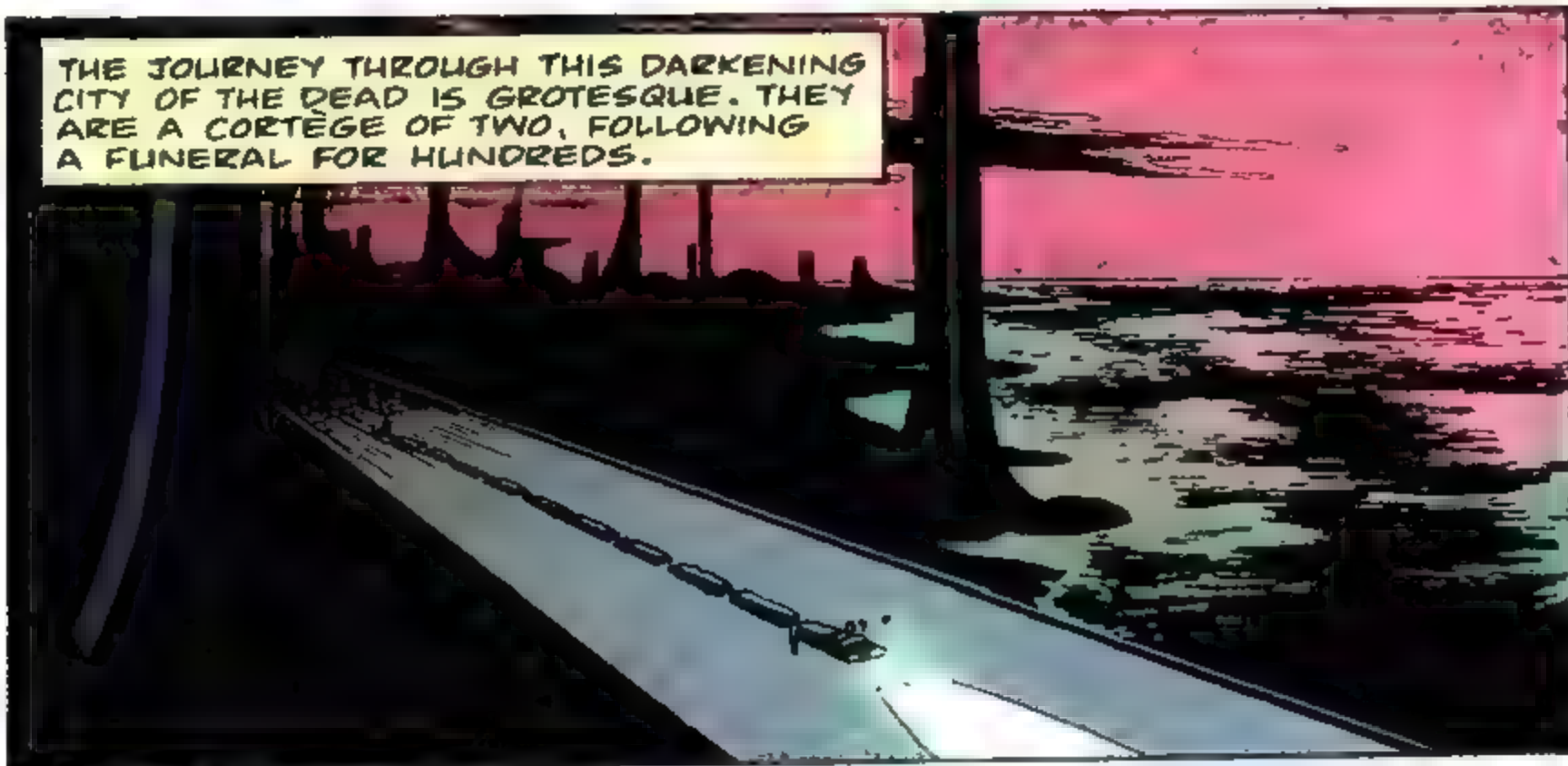
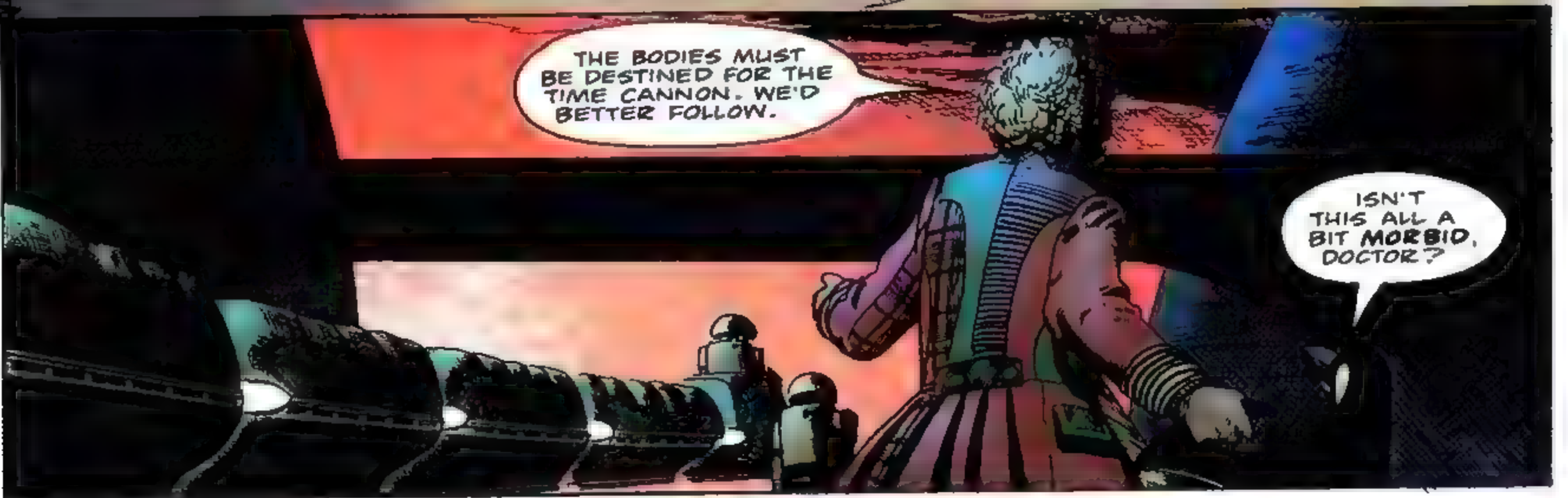


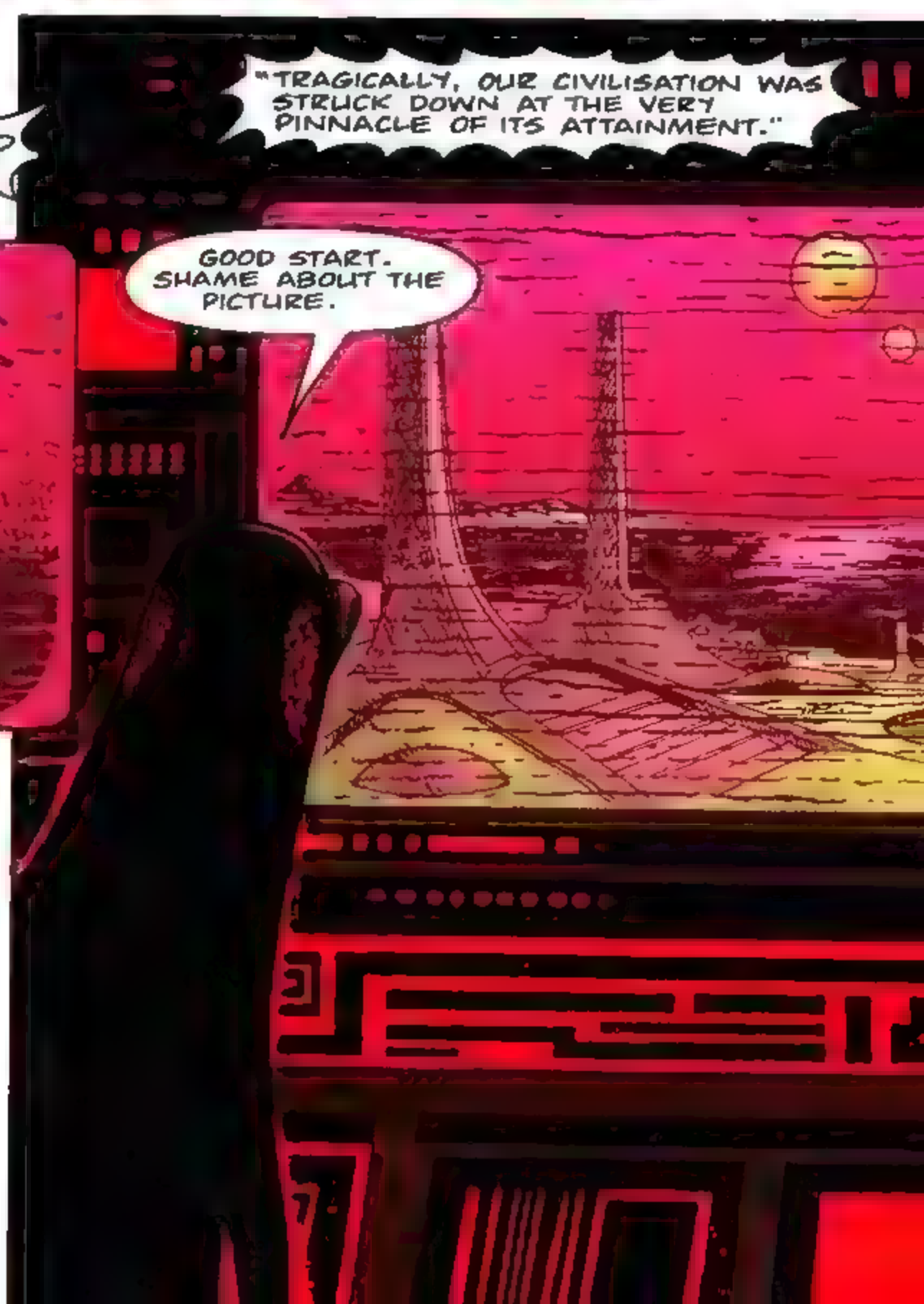
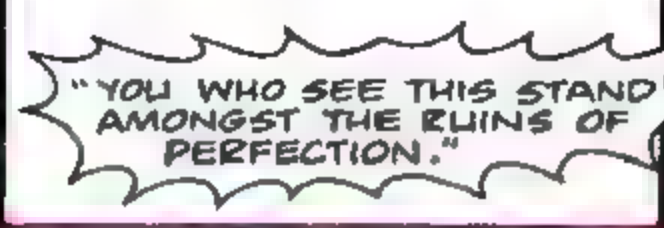
STRAIGHT INTO THE HEART OF THE CREATOR.

TIME BOMB

SCRIPT — JAMIE DELANO.
ART — JOHN RIDGWAY.
LETTERS — ANNIE HALFACREE.
EDITOR — SHEILA CBANNA.

EPISODE THREE







"WITH CENTURIES OF DEDICATION TO SCIENCE, WE HAVE EARNED DOMINION OVER OUR PLANET."

"WE HAVE PURIFIED OUR SPECIES GENETICALLY — EXPLUNGED ALL COMPETITIVE LIFE-FORMS — AND MADE THIS WORLD OF HEDRON A PARADISE."

THUMP!
THAT'S BETTER.

"BY SUCCESSFUL USE OF THE DEMATERIALIZER WE HAVE EVEN REMOVED THE MUTAGENIC CONCENTRATE BEYOND RISK OF ACCIDENTAL CONTAMINATION."



"UNTIL TODAY — WHEN A CRUEL CAPRICE OF FATE DASHED IT FROM OUR HANDS — IMMORTALITY WAS IN OUR GRASP."

IT WAS A SPACESHIP, NOT A METEOR!



"SO FAST DID THIS DEADLY HAMMER DESCEND, THAT OUR ASTRONOMERS BARELY HAD TIME TO TRACK ITS ORIGIN."

"WHY DID THESE CREATURES FROM A FAR-OFF GALAXY VISIT THIS PLAGUE UPON US?"



"OUR CALCULATIONS SHOW THAT THE SPACE-CRAFT'S JOURNEY FROM ITS HOMEWORLD TOOK HUNDREDS OF SOLAR-CYCLES. WHY DID THEY WANT TO DESTROY US?"



"WE HEDRONS HAVE NO INTEREST IN **OTHER** WORLDS. WHAT HAVE WE EVER DONE TO OFFEND THIS OBSCURE **THIRD PLANET OF THE SOL SYSTEM**, THAT THEY SHOULD BRING ABOUT OUR **DOOM**?"



INCREDIBLE...
THE SPACESHIP CAME FROM EARTH?
... NOW IT BEGINS TO MAKE SENSE.



"MANY OF US WERE KILLED BY THE BLAST OF IMPACT..."



"... BUT MUCH **WORSE** — THE BLAST SPREAD A CLOUD OF CONTAGION — MICROBES AND POISONS WHICH WE HAD ERADICATED FROM OUR WORLD."

"OUR BODIES NO LONGER HAVE ANY RESISTANCE. OUTSIDE, HEDRONS DIE IN THEIR MILLIONS. SOON OUR ROBOT SERVANTS WILL INHERIT THIS WORLD."



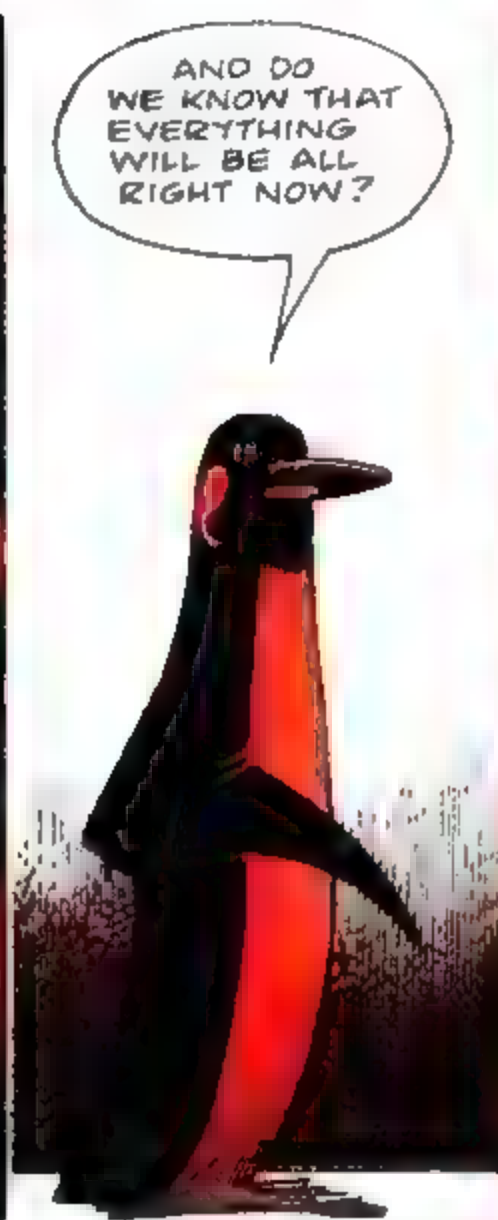
"EVEN NOW... I FEEL... THE **CORRUPTION** IN MY BODY. TODAY... INSTEAD OF TRIUMPH... THE HEDRONS EMBRACE... EXTINCTION."

"IS THERE NO **JUSTICE** IN THE UNIVERSE...?"



IT DOES SEEM A BIT ROUGH ON THE HEDRONS...

WELL, THE JUSTICE IS THERE, IT'S JUST TOO BIG FOR THEM TO SEE.



AND DO WE KNOW THAT EVERYTHING WILL BE ALL RIGHT NOW?



NOW THAT WE KNOW THAT THE AGENT OF THEIR DESTRUCTION ORIGINATED ON EARTH, EVERYTHING FALLS INTO PLACE.

IT DOES...?



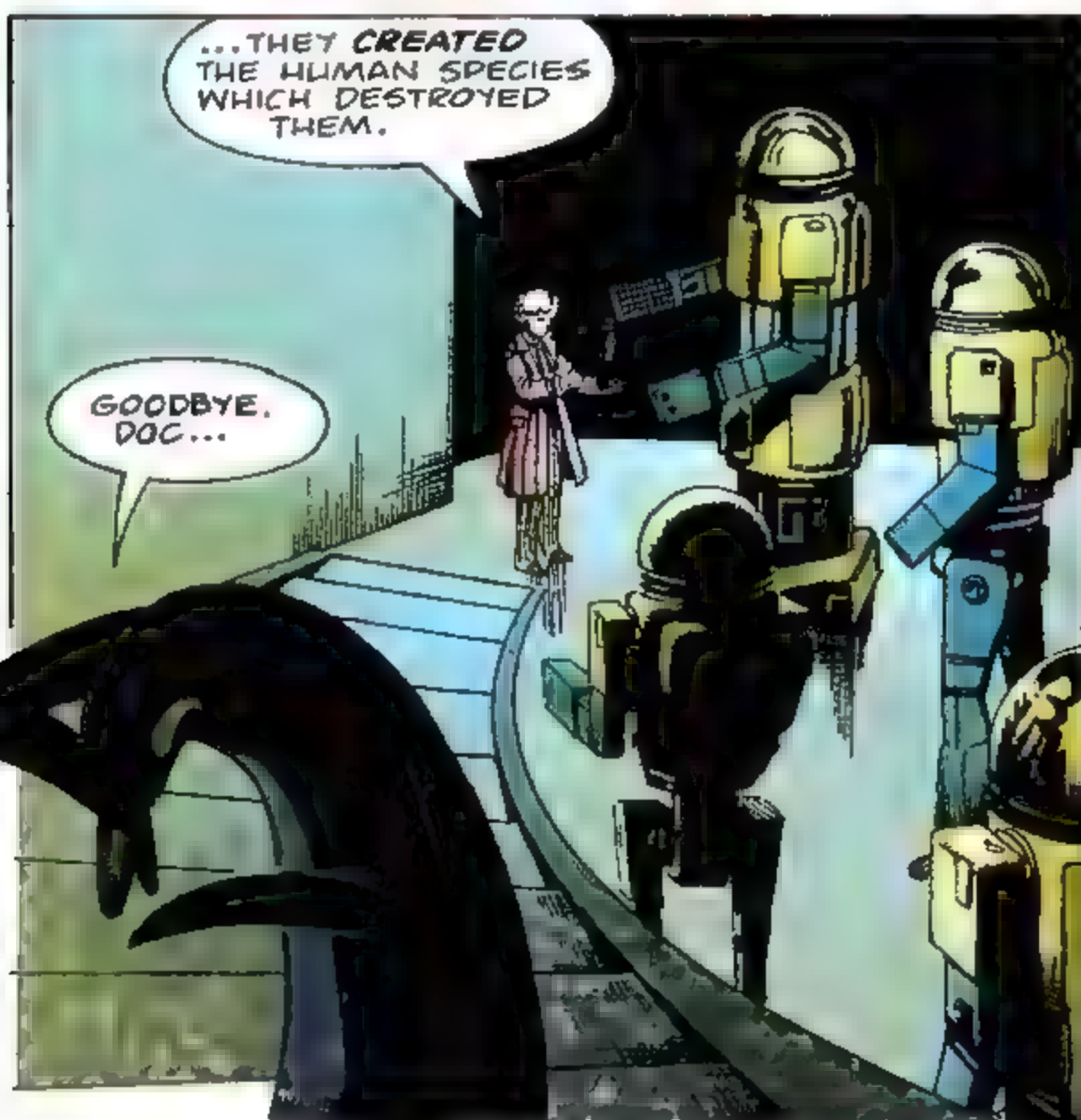
SUCH ARROGANT IGNORANCE. THE HEDRONS NEVER EVEN KNEW THAT THEY HAD BUILT A TIME MACHINE.

ER... DOCTOR... THEY'RE STARING AT US.



GO STEADY DOCTOR.

THE WASTE, WHICH THEY WERE SO PROUD TO HAVE DISPOSED OF, MUTATED THE LIFE OF EARTH'S PRIMEVAL SWAMPS...



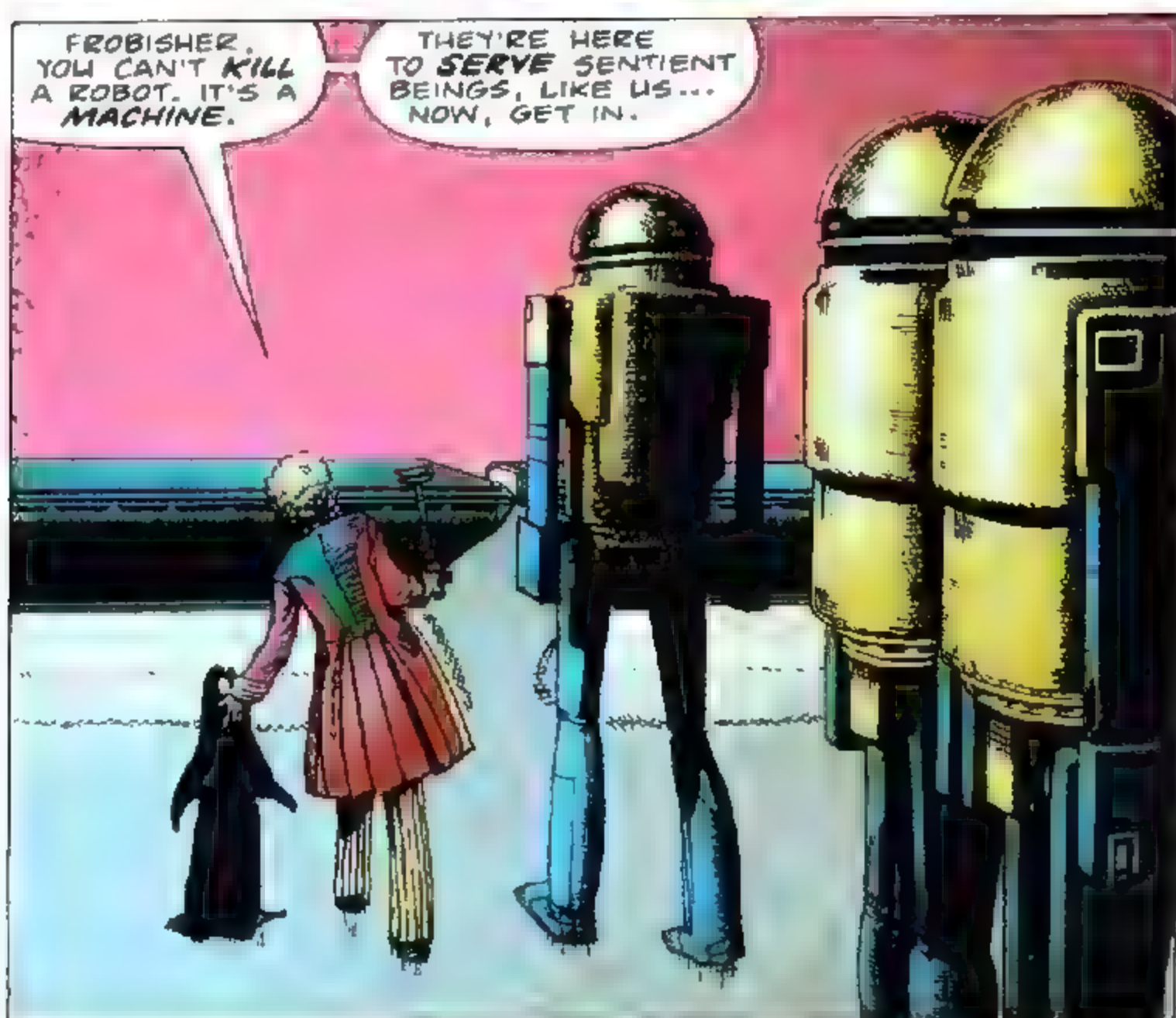
...THEY CREATED THE HUMAN SPECIES WHICH DESTROYED THEM.

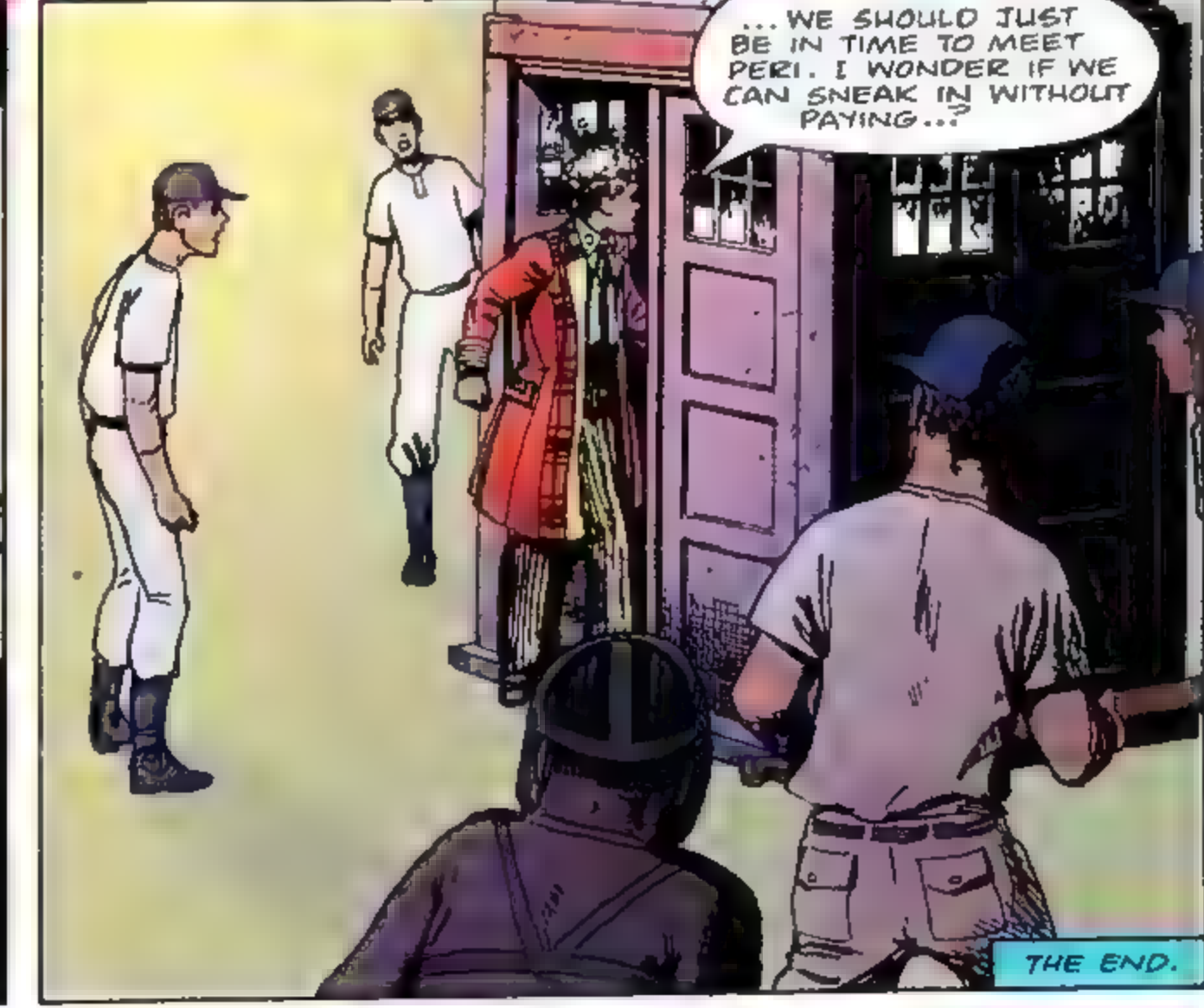
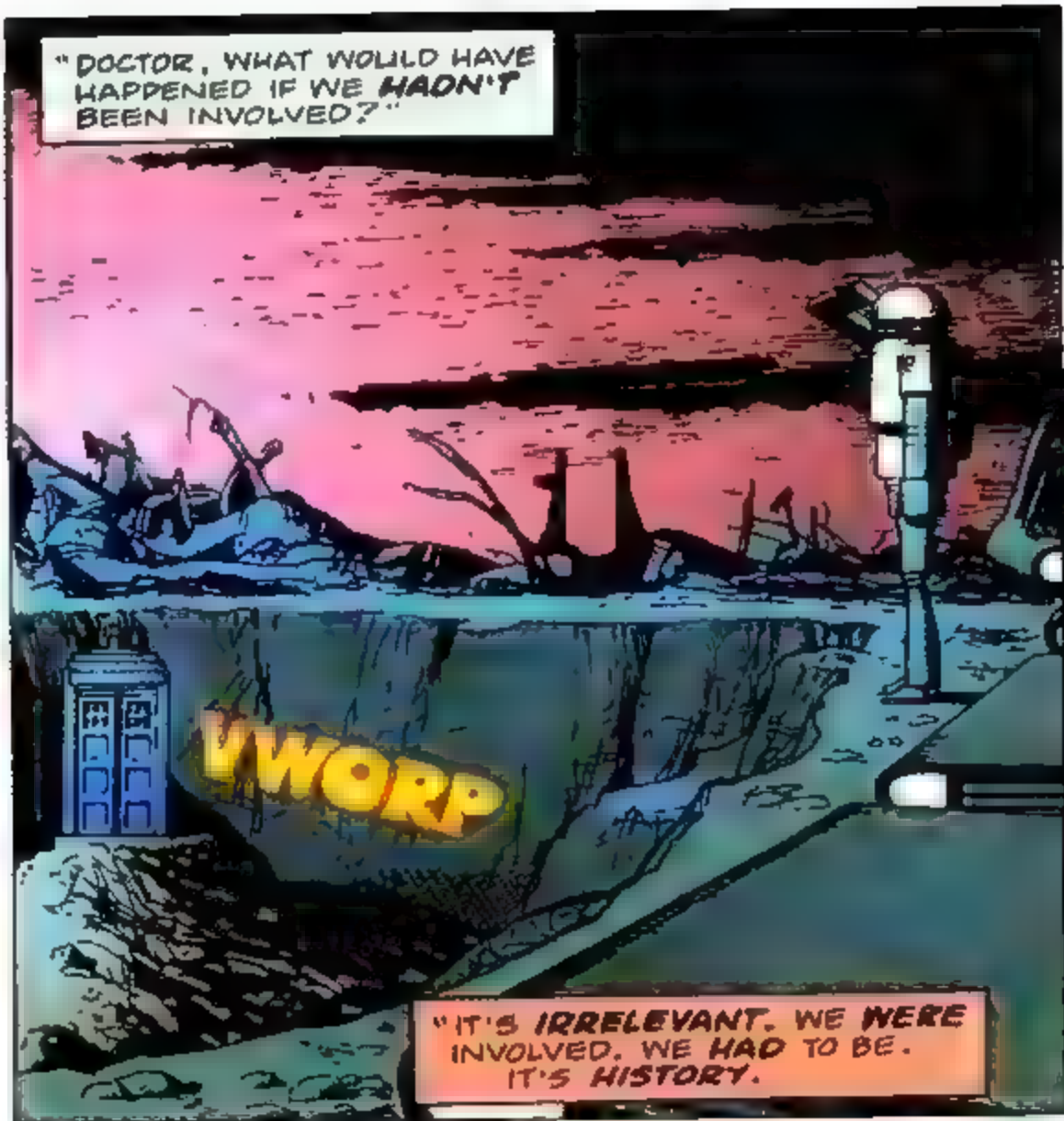
GOODBYE, DOC...



I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN THAT TIME HEALS ITS OWN WOUNDS — NATURE RESTORES HER OWN BALANCE...

AH, THAT'S GOT IT.





COMING NEXT ISSUE:



Musings & Hot Mustard from IDW's
Director of Retail Marketing, Dirk Wood

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Here's a little-known fact about yours truly. I was born on the first Earth Day. That's right, I'm as old as dirt! I was born a bouncing, prodigal-son/earth-baby on April 22nd, 1970. Shortly after that, I got into comics.

So, April is Earth Month, and it's time to get green... and nothing's more green than spinach! You

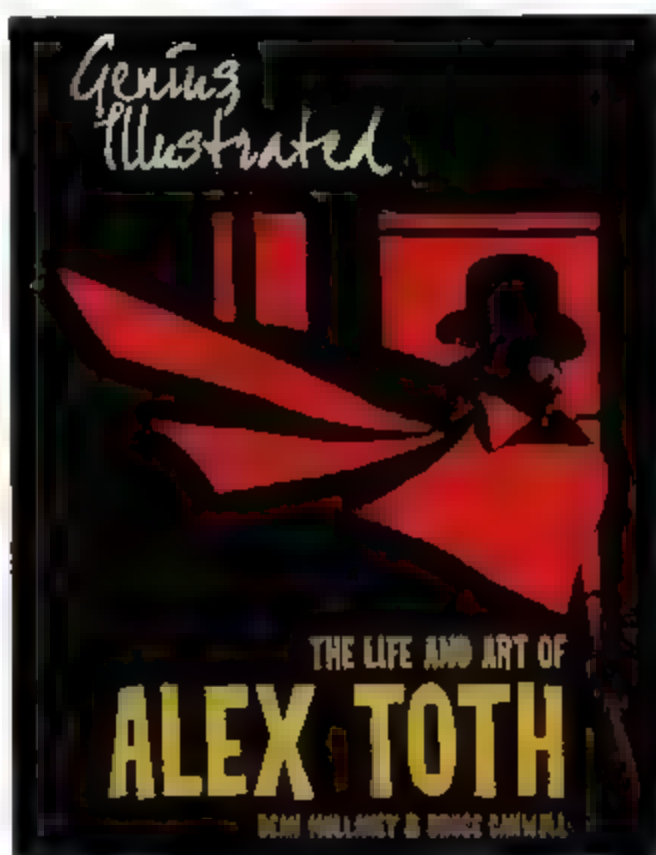
guessed it, *Popeye the Sailor Man* is back! Written by Eisner Award-winner Roger Langridge! Wimpy! Bluto! Olive Oyl! Sweet Pea! I will gladly pay you Tuesday to pick up this book immediately.

Speaking of green, your friends will be green with envy when they see that you've added

our second Alex Toth book to your collection! Dean Mullaney and Bruce Canwell pick up where the last book left off with *Genius, Illustrated: The Life and Art of Alex Toth*. It's the second book in the trilogy, and serious comic art fans are going to need them all.

Increase your comics footprint! It's time to get green. And that's easier than you think.

-Dirk



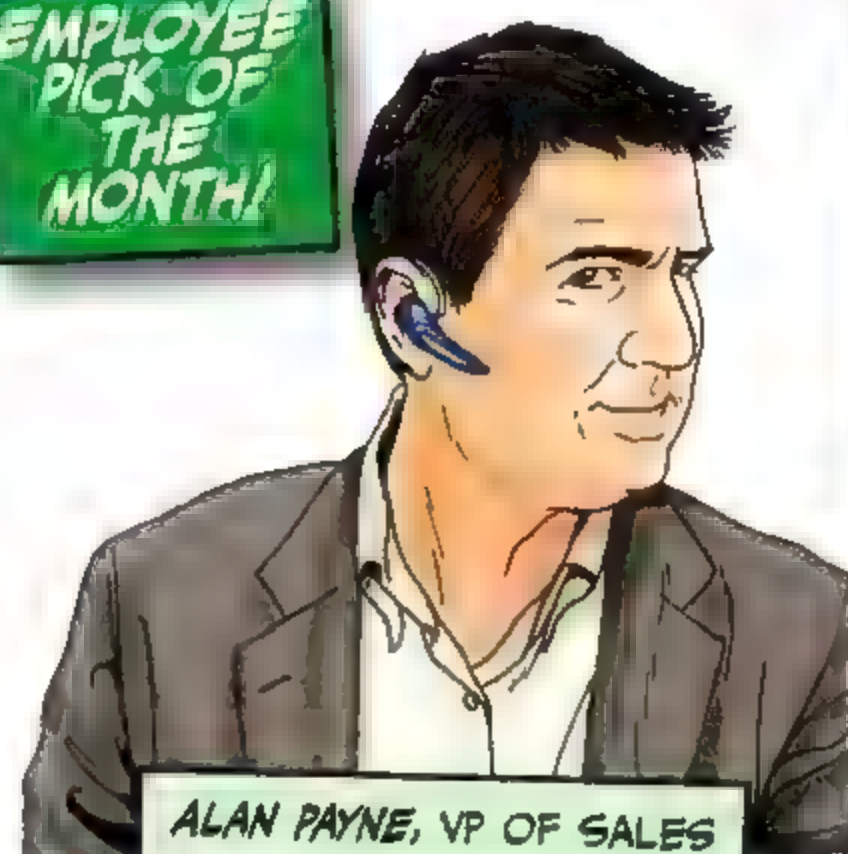
COMICS • COMICS • COMICS • COMICS • COMICS • COMICS

30 Days of Night #6
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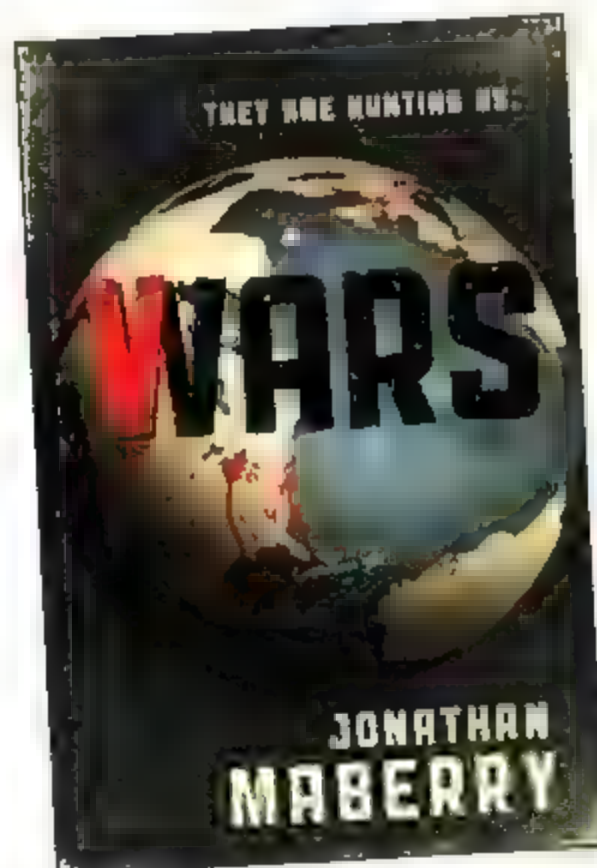
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EMPLOYEE
PICK OF
THE
MONTH!



ALAN PAYNE, VP OF SALES

V WARS



I'm going to step a little outside the comic box and pick an IDW prose release this month, *V WARS*. Conceived by award-winning writer Jonathan Maberry, *V WARS* re-imagines the vampire genre in much the same way that *World War Z* re-imagined the zombie genre. Mankind is silently infected by a malicious bacteria that leaves its victims supernaturally cursed, threatening to plunge civilization into endless night! With stories from some of today's top writers: Maberry himself, Nancy Holder, Yvonne Navarro, James A. Moore, Gregory Frost, and others. If you're someone who likes edge-of-your-seat reading, this is the book for you...and you better invest in a nightlight!

THE FINAL CASTING DECISIONS ARE BEING MADE FOR "STAR TREK: THE NEXT GENERATION"...

FELLAS, FELLAS!...

I DON'T CARE IF YOU DO WANT BILL'S INPUT--



--I WILL NOT SAY "TO BALDLY GO!"

A FIVE-YEAR MISSION EVEN ROGAINE WOULDN'T TAKE ON: MY HEIR APPARENT APPARENTLY HAS NO HAIR!



IF THIS KEEPS UP, I MAY PROSPER, BUT I SURE WON'T LIVE LONG!...



THE FINAL BATTLE!

INFECTION 2

CVO

IS SCATTERED
ACROSS AMERICA,
DANGER
GIRL
AND OTHERS ARE
ON HAND TO HELP
STOP
THE THREAT,
BUT WILL IT BE ENOUGH?
IT ALL ENDS
IN APRIL!

WRITTEN BY
DUANE
SWIERCZYNSKI
ART BY
DAVID
MESSINA

IDW
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FC • 32 Pages • \$3.99

The Michael Swann Dossier

COLD WAR



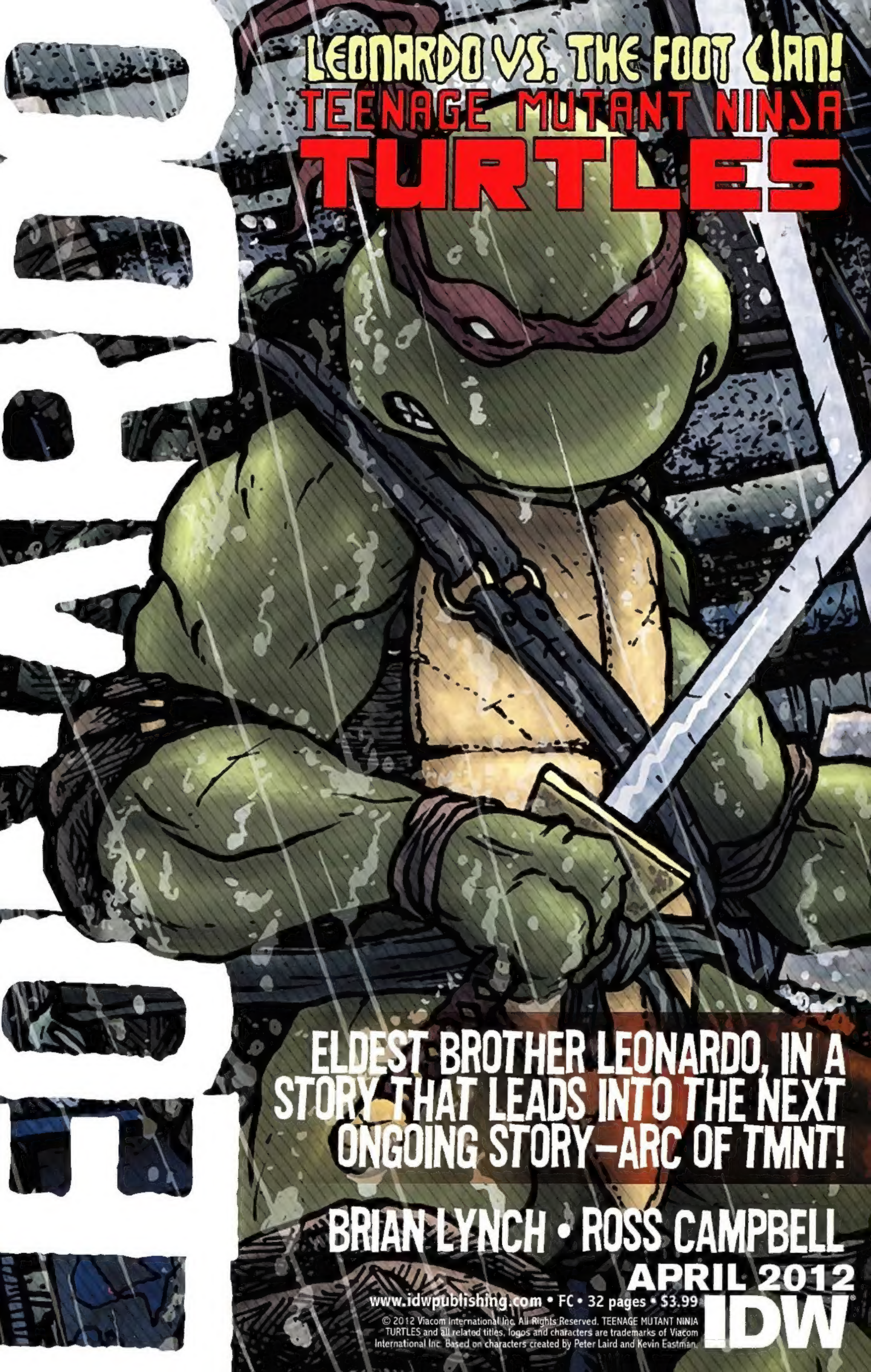
Intrigue & Espionage, Served Up Byrne Style!

Acclaimed creator John Byrne releases his latest creation, *Cold War*, featuring former MI-6 agent Michael Swann. In Swann's opening 4-part adventure, "The Damocles Contract," the secret agent is called on to stop a defecting British scientist from granting the Soviets complete nuclear dominion over the free world...

IDW

www.idwpublishing.com
TPB • FC • 120 pages • \$19.99
ISBN: 978-1-61377-177-8

APRIL 2012

A comic book cover for 'Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles: Leonardo vs. The Foot Clan'. The central figure is Leonardo, a green turtle with a purple mask and a brown and tan gi. He is in a dynamic pose, holding a katana that is glowing with a bright blue energy. The background is dark and textured, suggesting a night scene in a city. The title is at the top in large, bold letters. At the bottom, there is more text about the story and the publisher.

LEONARDO VS. THE FOOT CLAN! TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA TURTLES

ELDEST BROTHER LEONARDO, IN A
STORY THAT LEADS INTO THE NEXT
ONGOING STORY—ARC OF TMNT!

BRIAN LYNCH • ROSS CAMPBELL

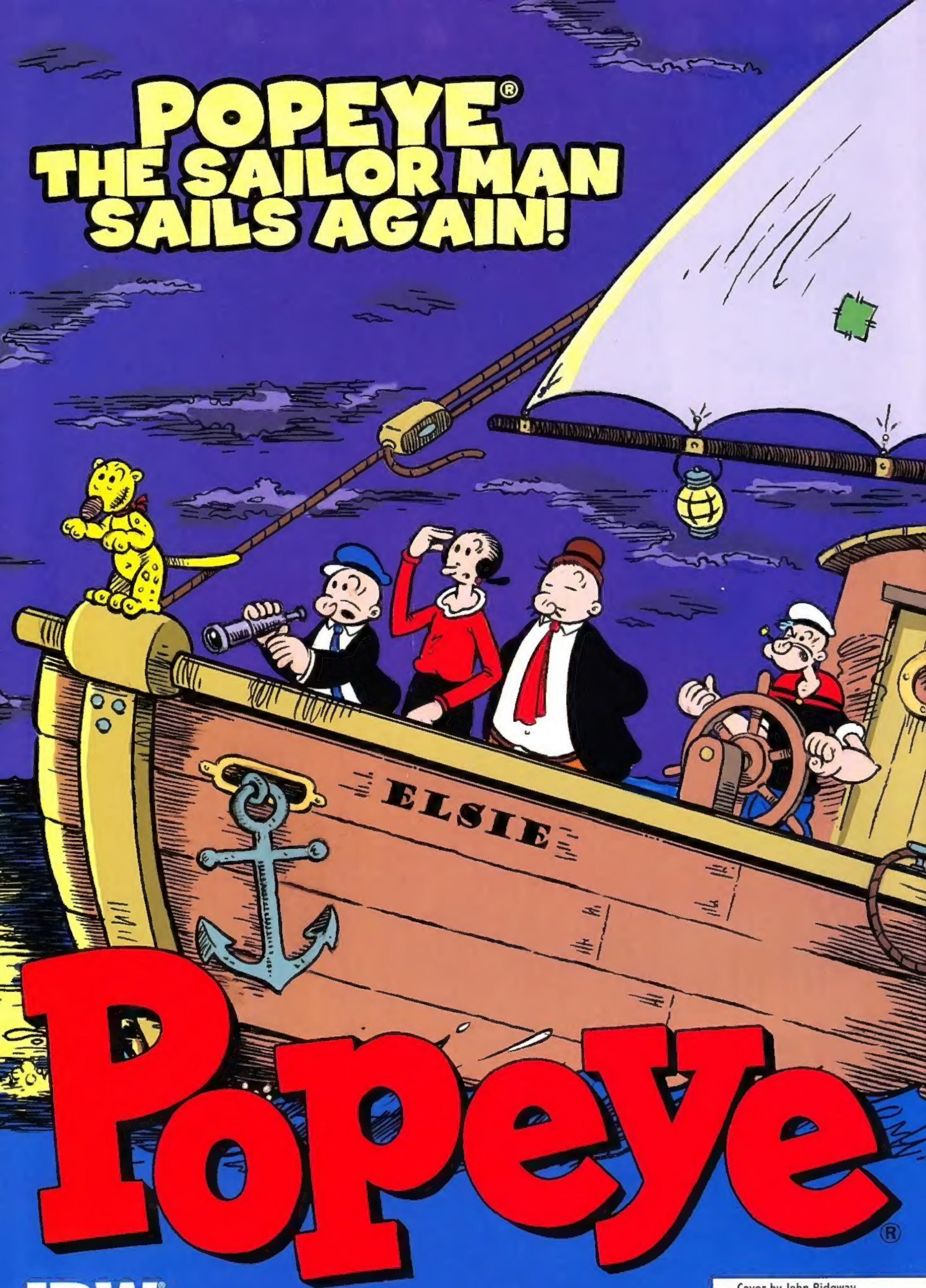
APRIL 2012

www.idwpublishing.com • FC • 32 pages • \$3.99

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APRIL 2012

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Cover by John Ridgway

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